

The Nation

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Events of the Week.

THE Anglo-Irish Treaty has met an opposition of irreconcilables both at Westminster and at Dublin, but is destined, we imagine, to survive it. Lord Carson is the virtual leader of the British Die-Hards, but the settlement is the fruit of his own policy, and his Old Bailey protest came not from the Bench but from the Dock. The only point he made—that the Treaty was the child not of statesmanship but of violence—should have been a spur, even to his primitive intelligence, to remember that it was *his* violence which began and conditioned it. Lord Morley was able, with equal justice, to show that the moral credit for this instrument of peace was due to the Gladstonian spirit, and that the assent of the Dominions and of public opinion here lifted the whole transaction out of the pure region of force. The Prime Minister is threatened with an amendment to the Address from the Die-Hards, and it is clear that the wording of the Oath of Allegiance will be critically scanned. But the Treaty must, of course, go through as it stands. For the rest, Mr. George properly described the policy as one which makes Ireland mistress in her own house, and a sharer of the responsibilities of Empire. The House sat rather silent under Mr. George's new muzzling order for the Tory mind. Lord Hugh Cecil prophesied failure, partly on the ground that the Treaty was as vague as the Thirty-nine Articles—which after all are the Constitution of the Church of which we believe Lord Hugh to be a devout member—and partly because you could trust the Teutons but not the Celts, which seems an unkind reflection on the Entente, and also on the government of a good deal of the British Empire.

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THE correspondence that passed between the Prime Minister and Sir James Craig on the subject of the negotiations was published on Wednesday. In these letters Mr. Lloyd George put the arguments for a reconsideration of her position by Ulster with admirable force, and suggested a conference on the safeguards that might be devised to secure Ulster from all risks. He pointed out that the Irish Free State would be exempt from any obligation to contribute to British military and naval expenditure, and that if the Six Counties stood out, they must accept the responsibilities as well as the privileges of representation in the Imperial Parliament, and that Belfast must bear the same burden as Liverpool,

Glasgow, and London. Sir James Craig suggested in answer that the Six Counties should have Dominion powers. The Prime Minister replied firmly. The Government could not propose that there should be two Irelands in the League of Nations, two Irelands in the Imperial Conference, or that six counties should be given a status which would postpone indefinitely the unity of Ireland. Sir James Craig remained obdurate. In the last letter the Prime Minister sent him a text of the agreement that had been signed, and said that if the Six Counties decided to remain outside the Free State, the Government would be unable to defend the existing boundary, and a Boundary Commission would be necessary. The publication should be proof in Irish eyes of the Government's desire to give all the help it can to promote Irish unity.

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NOBODY expected that the Treaty would satisfy all Ireland, and the speeches made by Mr. de Valera in answer to Sir Gordon Hewart, just before the closing scenes of the Conference, prepared most people for a serious division. It was announced on Friday in last week that Mr. de Valera himself and two members of his Cabinet were opposed to ratification. From that time down to the meeting of the Dáil on Wednesday, there was free and lively discussion on the merits of the treaty. This in itself is an excellent thing. One of the worst consequences of the coercion under which Ireland has lived for the last two years, is that discussion ceases. Some sharp words have been exchanged, but on the whole we can acclaim the moderation with which Irishmen have debated a very grave issue. Mr. de Valera himself set a dignified example. Mr. Collins reciprocated the appeal for goodwill and sympathy. We hope that Ireland will escape the fierce war of words in which she was involved thirty years ago after Parnell's catastrophe, or that in which Italy was involved in 1861 when the followers of Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini assailed each other as bitterly as they had ever assailed Austria or the Pope.

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In these discussions the general desire for peace has been made manifest. The Bishops are clearly as strongly for the Treaty as they were for resisting conscription in 1918, and the Treaty has been blessed by Bishop Fogarty of Killaloe, whose ardent Sinn Fein sympathies drew down on him the special attentions of the Black-and-Tans. The Press is apparently unanimous. Far the ablest contribution to the debate that we have read is the examination of the Treaty by Professor Rahilly, published in the "Irish Independent" of the 12th. Professor Rahilly, of whom the egregious Greenwood said that he had good reason to believe that he was associated with murder, was an internee at Berehaven. His article is a brilliant analysis of the Treaty, showing that there is nothing derogatory to Ireland's status, and that her independence is secured on the liberties of Canada and other independent States. In England Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey have welcomed the Treaty, which has no critics outside the "Morning Post" circle, and Lord Robert Cecil has made the important point that the new oath is not an oath of allegiance to the Crown, but a new kind of oath.

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THE Washington Conference has achieved its first decisive political result with the signature of the Quadruple Pact. It includes France with the three chief

Far Eastern Powers in a mutual guarantee of peace, and the brief text is notable for the clause which explicitly ends the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. The terms of the guarantee should be closely studied. It runs for ten years, and takes the form of a pledge on the part of the Four Powers to respect each other's rights in their insular possessions and dominions in the Pacific, and to refer intractable disputes to a joint conference. Secondly, should the aggressive action of any other Power threaten these rights, they will communicate with each as to the most efficient measures to be taken. The document is a formal Treaty, and will have to be ratified by two-thirds of the United States Senate. But as Senator Lodge himself proposed it in the Conference, and as the only important critics so far are the ultra-independent Senators Borah and Lafollette, it seems assured of an easy passage. The second clause amounts to a rather vague alliance, but the degree of "entanglement" which it involves does not seem very serious, since no "other" Power is likely to arise for much more than ten years to threaten the islands of the Pacific. The real significance of the Pact is that it ends both the Japanese Alliance and the technical isolation of America.

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THE Quadruple Pact applies only to the islands of the Pacific. This seems to be a deliberate and significant limitation. It is not intended to create a Big Four which would act as a Concert of the Great Powers or a Supreme Allied Council for the regulation of the affairs of China. How far that limitation will really be observed is another matter, and we shall be able to judge of it only when the Chinese Committee reports. So far we know little of its work, save in regard to minor matters, like the abolition of foreign post offices. We have still to learn what will happen when the Powers, which have in general terms agreed to abolish spheres of interest, are presented with China's detailed demands. For our part, though the officially recognized "sphere" may well be abolished, we fail to see how a province in which a financial group belonging exclusively to one nationality has a monopoly of railways and mines can be anything but a *de facto* sphere of influence. So far as is known the Conference has not touched that question, which is to our thinking the most fundamental among the many problems of foreign penetration.

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THERE are extremely disquieting reports regarding the doings of the naval committee. They prepare us for very wide departures from the original programme of Mr. Hughes. The Japanese insist on retaining their new battleship, the "Matsu." If that is allowed, America will keep two "Marylands" and we shall ask for two "Hoods." Some of the older ships would be scrapped to balance these additions, but the prospect of any great economy would be seriously lessened. It is rather worse news that America may give way over the absolute ten years' naval holiday, by permitting regular periodic replacements (some say one ship annually) during this time. That would mean that invention would be busy and the interests would be kept involved. The competition would go on, not, indeed, in tonnage, but in new types of ships and guns and armor. There would be a premium on innovation, and at the end of the ten years the fleets which would still be equal in tonnage might differ widely in value and power. The attraction, to our thinking, of the naval holiday is that if it were rigidly observed building might never be resumed.

DURING the week the clouds have gathered thickly over the Prince's progress in India. Lord Reading's Government has launched into a comprehensive programme of repression in order to secure an outwardly peaceful reception in Calcutta and the other great cities. The purpose of the new policy is two-fold—to remove the Non-Co-operation leaders, and to smash the formidable brigades of Volunteers by whom the Gandhi principle is being enforced. When the Prince entered Allahabad on Monday its streets were practically empty. In Benares, on the other hand, most of the people seem to have joined in the reception. The Volunteers are now proscribed in every province where their strength has been displayed, and their numbers already in prison cannot fall far short of a thousand. In most of the important centres, even including Rangoon (hitherto politically non-existent) several leaders deemed dangerous have been locked up. The most sensational arrest is that of Mr. C. R. Das, President-elect of the National Congress. For the past fifteen years Mr. Das has been a powerful force on the left of the Swaraj movement, and it is not surprising that, when called into conference by the Governor of Bengal, Lord Ronaldshay, he should have been found implacable. A devoted supporter of Gandhi, he is totally unlike his master; but he gave up an immense practice in the Calcutta High Court when he accepted the gospel of Non-Co-operation.

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MR. MOTILAL NEHRU, of Allahabad, for many years a constitutional liberal, has been fined and sentenced to six months'—an event not without bearing on the completeness of the Allahabad *hartal*. Two editors of the same city have been sentenced—one to twenty-one months', the other to a triple cumulative penalty of imprisonment and fines. The latter's paper is the "Leader," the ablest Indian daily in the country. Mr. Gandhi, himself still unmolested, openly rejoices in the convictions, and ironically compliments the Government on its "philosophic courage" in striking at the Congress leaders. A widely quoted passage from "Young India" implies an expectation on Mr. Gandhi's part that the Government purposes the breaking-up of the National Congress at Ahmedabad. The Viceroy can hardly suppose that the danger of Non-Co-operation comes from the Congress.

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THOUGH the settlement of the German indemnity crisis is much the gravest issue before Europe, there is still no reliable news to guide us as to the intentions of the Allies. M. Briand will visit Mr. Lloyd George at Christmas, and one can only hope that the season may have its influence. The invitation, we are told, is to discuss "the economic affairs of the world." The interests of France are somewhat more limited and urgent. M. Loucheur is mainly anxious to secure a share (and a big share) for France of the £50,000,000 paid over in August by the Germans, which are still lying in the strong box of the Reparations Commission, because the Allies cannot agree among themselves as to the division. With that, and the ratification of the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement, and sundry sweeping pledges as to the priority of French claims now and always, M. Loucheur, it is said, might be content, and having pocketed everything that the Germans have paid, and earmarked all that they will pay, he would consent to one year's moratorium, which, however, would not apply to the deliveries in kind to France. This version of French views has every appearance of truth.

It is perfectly clear that the end of all the haggling among the Allies will be that France will maintain her "priority," and we shall have to give up our share. But we shall receive no thanks for the surrender, either from the Germans or the French, while the French will enjoy the pleasing sensation of having worsted us in a hard bargain. Surely it would be wiser and infinitely better for our own repute to make our renunciation at once with some show of grace and generosity. The result of hunting round, as the Treasury and its experts are now doing, to see whether there is no distant back-door through which we might scrape up a little of the booty, is that no one will thank us when we fail. But we question whether Sir Robert Horne has even begun to see the main point, that we cannot receive these reparations (assuming that they can ever be got) without injury to ourselves. The goodwill of an isolated and unhappy Germany would be worth the distant prospect of some stray millions many times over. Let the French take what they can get without violence, and welcome; but there must be an end of the Rhine Occupation, which clearly is one main cause of the financial ruin of Germany. Till France will face that, we would not cancel a farthing of her indebtedness.

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As we anticipated last week, the Canadian General Election has realized expectations in so far as it has resulted in the catastrophic defeat of Mr. Meighen and the Conservatives. The later returns, however, show that the Liberals have just failed to secure an absolute majority, and they are, moreover, very far from being a united party. The final figures are: Liberals, 117; Progressives, 65; Conservatives, 51; Labor, 2. It now looks as though the Liberal leader, Mr. Mackenzie King, a popular emotional speaker, with an indefinite policy, will have to associate himself with the more radical Progressives at the cost of alienating his own Right wing. The Progressives, under Mr. Crerar, whose strength is in the West, are Free Traders and agriculturalists, with an outlook on other matters much more advanced than the average view of the very mixed Liberal Party.

* * *

THE breakdown of the Egyptian negotiations has resulted in the situation which we foresaw. Adly Pasha has resigned the Premiership, and until Lord Curzon modifies his policy, his rôle is ended. The efforts made to find a successor have so far failed, and General Allenby (for in spite of fictions, he is the real ruler) may have to resort to the expedient of a "business" Cabinet. This means that he will nominate a few native officials, who will draw their salaries, endure their unpopularity, and do as they are told. The country appears to be absolutely united in its demand for the reality of independence. Adly Pasha's report on the negotiations adds little to our knowledge of the facts. He is chiefly concerned to defend himself against critics who censure him for having continued the negotiations after it became clear that Lord Curzon would not yield in the vital matter of the military occupation, which, says Adly Pasha, the British Government evidently regards as an end and not as a means. Adly Pasha was looking for a reconciling "formula," but nothing would satisfy the Foreign Office save an unqualified occupation.

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THOUGH Austria is now safely in possession of the greater part of the Burgenland (the German-speaking district of West Hungary transferred to her by the Peace Treaty), awkward complications have arisen at Oedenburg, which Hungary is specially anxious to retain. It will be remembered that at a Conference called by Italy at Venice, the Italian proposal of a *plébiscite* in this area was accepted. The Italians, however, rushed

the date of it, and the Magyar troops and terrorist bands were allowed to delay their departure. The news from Vienna charges the Italian military authorities with tolerating all manner of violence and irregularity on the part of the Hungarians, who are said to be flooding the town with imported Magyar "voters" and terrorizing the German inhabitants. The Ambassadors' Conference in Paris ordered a delay, but the Italian general paid no attention to these instructions and even allowed the Austrian Commissioners to be arrested. The result is that the Austrian Government now refuses to ratify the Venice agreement, and has recalled its officials. The continued delay on the part of the United States, Jugoslavia, and some minor States in renouncing their financial claims on Austria is still holding up the League of Nations credits scheme, and the plight of Vienna may soon drift beyond remedy. We hope that Dr. Rosenberg, who is now seeking a temporary loan of £2,500,000 in London, may succeed.

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SIR PHILIP GIBBS gives, in the "Daily Chronicle" of last Saturday, a more precise account of Lenin's retreat from practical Communism than has yet appeared in England. If Sir Philip quotes from a genuine document, Sovietism has almost surrendered. Admitting what he calls "a terrible defeat on the economic front," Lenin proposes, with his usual thoroughness, "retreat" and reconstruction. The reason was that Communism destroyed production, and as a result the workmen were forced out of the towns and back into peasant life. "As fast," he says, "as the factories stopped, the proletariat disappeared, and without a proletariat there can be no Communism." Conversely therefore, "if Capitalism is restored, there will also be restored the proletariat class." There will then be "only one thing possible for Russia." There must be "a general retreat on prepared positions to the old order of economic life." This seems a somewhat catastrophic confusion, but Lenin puts it all down to the "chatter" of "idealism," to which, no doubt, he has made a less liberal contribution than some of his colleagues. Anyway, the retreat must be prompt. Otherwise "they" will "hang the lot of us—and do splendidly." Apparently the "proletariat" is to retain political dictatorship, while losing all hope of an economic one. But if Labor only maintains itself in power for the purpose of restoring Capital, why should not Capital be asked to assist the process?

* * *

WE have no sort of sympathy with the action of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford in sending down the editor of a Communist paper for undergraduates for good, and his assistant-editor for a couple of terms. Mr. Arthur Reade, the chief offender, has not had Lenin's experience of physical-force Revolution, and when he has gone through that chastening ordeal he will probably have less Communist theory at his disposal than his distinguished model seems to have retained. But we should have thought that a sensible Vice-Chancellor would have been prepared at this time of day to give up, or at least to qualify, the schoolboy treatment of undergraduates, and to let promising young men think and write freely on politics and social theory. But it is clear that there is an official veto on political thinking at Oxford unless it happens to be of one kind or the other of the willow-patterns which aged dons approve, and we are afraid the ukase has been to some degree inspired by the new Scotland Yard. For our part, we would much rather see boys talk or think about Communism than talk or think nothing but athletics. And so, we suspect, would a good many of their long-suffering guides to the intellectual life.

Politics and Affairs.

FROM FORCE TO CONFERENCE.

A MONTH ago, on the eve of the Washington Conference, if we had been asked to name the three decisive issues—as, in fact, we have often named them—for the future of civilization, we should have stated them somewhat thus:—

1. Will Britain and America, on the eve of a struggle for naval supremacy, follow out the logic of the Anglo-German rivalry, or will they decide for co-operation?

2. Can France be persuaded to abandon her militarism and permit the restoration of Central Europe?

3. Is it possible to bring Russia, with its vast potential food supplies back into the comity of intercourse and trade, and this for the salvation not merely of her own dying millions, but for the sake, no less, of industrial Britain and Germany?

Of these three questions the first seemed perhaps the least urgent. On our side, at least, both the will and the means were lacking to embark on a policy of competitive shipbuilding; yet the four Hoods had been laid down, and sooner or later the pace of the race would have raised a jealous “die-hard” spirit to defend our command of the seas.

Of the three issues the first is settled. It is no small achievement. The turning-point in Anglo-American relations has been safely passed. As the Conference approached, we seemed to be living again through those anxious years at the end of last century and the beginning of this, when an alliance and partnership with Germany were for a brief moment a possibility which both sides considered—and rejected. When a new Power, great hitherto in her own large yet restricted sphere, expands rather suddenly beside us into a World-Power, a neutral, aloof, indifferent relationship is impossible. A new adjustment has to be made. It must be either rivalry or co-operation. America, even more suddenly and on a greater scale, has passed, as Germany did, from a Continental to a World Power. Her new fleet reflects her new status. She is, moreover, a creditor instead of a borrowing Power, and her surplus capital seeks its outlet in the Far East, as that of Germany did in the Near East. The parallel was ominously close. The solution of the problem has been happily different. The decision is taken, and it is for co-operation.

It is much too soon to sum up all the results of the Washington Conference. We do not yet know in detail the fate of the naval programme laid down by Mr. Hughes, and in such matters detail is everything. Still less can we forecast the exact bearing of the formation of the Quadruple Entente upon the political future of China. But three main results are assured. The naval competition is ended almost before it had begun. The Japanese Alliance, with its painful record and its mischievous potentialities, has been scrapped. The Quadruple Entente assures ten years of peace to the Far East, and opens the era of close co-operation between America and ourselves.

These results seem so natural to us in this country, and answer so closely to the prevailing mind of our nation, that we hardly appreciate their full importance or realize what a wide departure one at least of them implies in the traditional policy of the United States. The last election marked the full tide of the reaction against the Wilsonian policy of internationalism, and seemed to commit the United States to four years

of isolation, during which her influence would be withdrawn from the world as completely as it was during Mr. Wilson's period of idleness and eclipse. Yet within a year of his election President Harding has committed himself to what a severe critic might describe as an “entangling alliance.” The Pact, indeed, is carefully drawn, and it avoids the worst pitfalls of the League's Covenant. But it certainly implies some considerable “commitments” towards other Powers, and imposes on the United States the usual obligations of team-work in international affairs. To us that seems normal, but it seemed to be the very thing which the majority of Congress wanted to escape when it voted itself out of the League. No one appears to doubt that Congress will ratify the Pact without serious controversy. This, however, is only the beginning. Mr. Harding is projecting other international conferences. Neither he nor Mr. Hughes would call them for the purposes of mere talk. After their successful work in the Far East, they aspire to a settlement of the much more tangled problems of Europe. Mr. Harding, as his personality first emerged during the elections, seemed a simple and kindly, but decidedly limited man. He has grown, as almost every American President grows, under the stimulus of his tremendous responsibilities. With the shrewd aid of Mr. Hughes, and the confidence of the Senate, he may succeed where Mr. Wilson, without lieutenants and without the backing of Congress, failed in spite of his immensely greater intellectual powers.

Opinion in this country is ripe for an Economic Conference. Indeed, if America were indisposed to lead, we imagine that the British Government—whoever may be in power—would feel impelled to bring such a meeting about before the coming year ends. It is obvious that the European crash is now very near, and, indeed, it will inevitably be upon us within the next few weeks, unless Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand can improvise some emergency measures to delay it before the middle of next month. America is ready, we believe, to take the initiative, but her view of the problem is rather wider than that of the governing men in London and Paris. She does not feel the pinch of the economic crisis so painfully as we do, and she looks on her own future without alarm. She has, however, a dominating sentiment which is much weaker among us, at least in its generalized form. All of us are nervous about what we call French militarism, and some of us regard it with horror and alarm. Americans retain a somewhat tenuous, sentimental tenderness for France, and make allowances which for us are rather difficult. Most of us would be well content if we could by any means induce the French to quit the Rhineland. Americans, we imagine, will view the whole problem from another angle. They want to attack militarism as an institution. They see its waste and its charges in a more central position in the picture, as the prime cause of Europe's economic breakdown. That may be an exaggeration. The indemnities and the debts, the Balkanization and the multiplication of frontiers, the mad handling of Russia, and, in a less degree, of Turkey, are, to our thinking, more important than the permanent military charges. Americans will approach the European problem chiefly, we imagine, with the laudable ambition of doing for land armaments what they have just done for fleets. They know already, and they will know even better as they continue to explore the question, that any reduction of land armaments involves a more or less thorough resettlement of Europe. The Treaties rested on dictation; the maps were drawn under the influence of strategy; the armaments exist to preserve this evil settlement, which without them would hardly last for six months. If we are

all to be disarmed, there must be a peace which, at least in its main outlines, rests upon consent.

So we near the moment when the second and even the third of our main issues may come up for settlement. We doubt whether Washington even now dreams of including Russia in any political settlement, though President Harding, with the natural kindness which distinguishes him, is asking Congress for a large grant of maize and seed-corn to relieve the Volga famine. But we fail ourselves to see how either the military or the economic problem can be settled without including Russia in the settlement. M. Briand made a rhetorical use of the Red Army to excuse his own refusal to disarm, and the Poles and Roumanians may be trusted to repeat his arguments when they enter the debate. It is perfectly proper to say that if Poland is to disarm, Russia must disarm too; but if she is to disarm she must have at least such guarantee against attack as recognition implies. In dealing with France, America has much to bargain with. She will not sign a Treaty of Alliance. But if she will enter a Pact of mutual guarantee in the Far East, might she not consent to the same device in Europe? How far France really fears Germany we do not know, but it would be wise to allay any reasonable fear. We think, however, that if guarantees of this sort are available, a disarmed Germany stands in much greater need of them than a France armed to the teeth. Then there are the debts. Will America consent to "trade" with them? Will she, in short, agree to remit them if we also forgive our debtors and assume a reasonable attitude to Germany? There is, perhaps, just one thing which might tempt her to do even this. It is an appreciable instalment of disarmament on land.

THE GREAT CHANGE OF FRONT.

DURING the negotiations it was impossible to discuss the questions of political morality that were raised by the Government's change of front because every sober-minded person was in dread of saying or doing anything that might put the negotiations in danger. To-day the spectators are unmuzzled, and as soon as the first excitement is over men will fall to debating what has been done, just as men still debate whether Peel acted as an honorable and consistent statesman in 1829 and 1845. Two questions in particular arise. Were Ministers justified in changing their policy without consulting the country? Assuming that a change was necessary, did they act with dignity and self-respect in making that change themselves?

On the first question there is, as we think, no difficulty. There is no doubt that the policy of reprisals had no authority from the country. It was adopted by a few Ministers, and accepted by the rest without any public discussion. At first Ministers tried to screen their conduct by the most flagrant misrepresentations. As they realized that the House of Commons was less sensitive about the national reputation than they had expected, they grew more careless. Gradually the truth came out, and as it came out the repugnance of all decent-minded men and women of all parties to this policy became more plain and more active. This was specially marked in quarters where Liberalism has in the past been rather under a cloud. Among the Bishops, the headmasters of the Public Schools, and in all the Univer-

sities there was a strong hostility to the Government's policy. This feeling was made known to Ministers by public demonstrations and also by private remonstrances. For the last twelve months of the reign of terror in Ireland there was a continual and growing agitation, and Ministers were more and more uncomfortable about it. The Prime Minister in particular, who remembered the opposition to the Boer War, regarded it as a dangerous symptom.

As coercion increased in intensity in Ireland, and the outrages for which Ministers were directly responsible became more terrible in character, opposition in England grew steadily more active and more representative. Last June arrangements had been completed for setting up a Commission, not less authoritative than the Commission that reported on the atrocities in Belgium, to report on the state of our administration in Ireland, and a deputation of Bishops and leading Churchmen was about to proceed to Ireland by way of preparing for a more effective protest from the Churches. All this was known to Ministers, and to the soldiers who were engaged on these duties in Ireland. It is well known that when the soldiers submitted a report on the necessity for more vigorous military measures in Ireland, they were anxious that newspaper correspondents should be excluded from Ireland. The Government's change of front was determined by three things. Coercion had been a failure, and it was evident that any further coercion must be on a grander and more expensive scale. General Smuts had made known to the King and to Ministers the very grave view he took of the reactions of this policy on the Empire. Lastly, though the war had made all peoples much less sensitive, concern and indignation were growing in England in a manner to give serious alarm to Ministers. Public opinion was already so much moved that there was no doubt of the verdict that any normal constituency would give on a direct Irish issue. If Sir John Simon, the most indefatigable of the opponents of the Government's methods, had stood against Sir Hamar Greenwood in Sunderland, the Irish Secretary would certainly have disappeared in a last spasm of bluster.

There is, then, we think, no case at all for the view that Ministers ought to have gone to the country before changing their policy. It would be much juster to argue that they ought to have gone to the country before embarking on coercion and reprisals. The other question is more difficult. Ministers had committed themselves to the most reckless and extravagant statements about their Irish policy. Here, for example, are two extracts from Sir Hamar Greenwood's oratory. Sir Hamar Greenwood, it will be remembered, taunted Mr. Asquith with "joining the assassins" because he recommended negotiation with the Irish leaders:—

(February 21st, 1921.)

"For years past and now Sinn Fein extremists and their Soviet colleagues in Ireland—there is Sovietism in a marked degree in Ireland—have conspired to smash the Empire. A policy of calculated and brutal arson and murder, with all its ghastly consequences, remains uncondemned by Mr. de Valera and the Sinn Fein leaders. The authors of that policy hope to terrorize into submission the British people and the British Government. It is the policy of the assassin that we are fighting, and it is watched by sinister eyes in Great Britain, in Egypt, in India, and throughout the world. Its success would mean the break up of the Empire and our civilization. I submit that there are only two alternatives. The one is to surrender to the assassin, and the other is to fight. I am for fighting the assassin."

(April 28th, 1921.)

"It cannot be emphasized too clearly that the Irish Republican Army is not in any sense a belligerent army, carrying on hostilities in accordance with the

laws and usages of war, but that its members are, in fact and in law, murderers who have adopted methods of warfare which have never been sanctioned by the laws and customs of war."

Ditto.

In the same debate he described Michael Collins as "the organizer of all this deluge of blood in Ireland."

Mr. Lloyd George derided Mr. Asquith's suggestion for offering Ireland Dominion Home Rule, and his Chief Whip, Captain Guest, described his Government's policy as that of "hunting every supporter of Sinn Fein out of the country."

There is, therefore, a great deal to be said for the view that when Mr. Lloyd George made up his mind that the time had come for a right-about-turn in Irish policy, he ought to have gone to the King and recommended him to send for Mr. Henderson or Mr. Asquith with a view to forming a Government composed of men who had urged the policy of treating with Ireland, promising that he and his colleagues would support the Government until the Irish negotiations had been accomplished. The advantages of such a course are obvious. It would have made it easier for Ireland to accept the treaty; it would have raised the public esteem in which politicians are held from the low level to which it has fallen. On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George might hold with reason that he has special gifts for a negotiation, and he might argue that there were precedents for changes of policy or renunciation of vows almost as dramatic as his own. Pitt sent Malmesbury to treat with Paris in 1796, because he thought that England was too exhausted to continue the struggle. Burke said it was no wonder that Malmesbury took some time to reach Paris, because he went the whole way on his stomach. Peel's conduct in 1829 supplies another precedent. There had been a General Election in 1826 which had been fought largely on the Catholic question, and an anti-Catholic House of Commons had been returned. The by-election in County Clare in 1828, when O'Connell beat a Minister, convinced Wellington and Peel that Catholic emancipation could no longer be resisted without danger. Peel drew up a memorandum putting this view before Wellington, but adding "a strong opinion that it would not conduce to the satisfactory adjustment of the question that the charge of it in the House of Commons should be committed to him," because he had been the recognized leader of the Protestant party. Some months later Peel changed his view. He saw that with the King, the Bishops, and the House of Lords hostile, Wellington would have a very difficult task in carrying Emancipation, and he was reluctant to add to Wellington's difficulties by resigning. So he remained in office, relieving his conscience by resigning his seat for the University of Oxford and taking refuge in the little borough of Westbury. Opinion still differs about the propriety of Peel's conduct, but there is little doubt that it did not increase the public respect for politicians.

It is fashionable to say at this moment that the Irish settlement would have been impossible without a Coalition. The remark suggests two reflections. If the Liberal Ministers in the Coalition had been men of principle, they could have saved the country the disgrace and loss of the twelve months of reprisals. As it is, they made it easier for the advocates of coercion to have it all their own way, for they helped to disarm opposition. Their record from first to last is the most inglorious thing in our politics. They were actually in a majority on the Irish Committees; one of them was mainly responsible for the Act of 1920, the most wantonly mischievous legislation ever proposed in a time of crisis; the Chief Secre-

tary who introduced reprisals was a Liberal. The second reflection is more general. What do we mean when we say that such and such a Liberal policy can only be carried by a Coalition? We mean that without the support of the Tories, it will be upset by a revolt of the "classes," like that of 1914, or by the House of Lords. Push the argument a little further, and it means that the Tories will support a policy if they share office, but will oppose it if they see in opposition to it a means of getting office. Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1885 that Lord Salisbury's Government should introduce a Home Rule Bill and that the Liberal Opposition should support him in carrying it. The next opportunity for a settlement on such terms came in 1903, when a Tory Viceroy and a Tory Chief Secretary were converted to Home Rule. In each case there was too much political capital in the agitation against Home Rule for party tacticians like Mr. Balfour to resist the temptation to exploit it. Now that the question is settled, we rejoice, like Mr. Birrell, that it has come *quacumque via*; but though we may congratulate ourselves on the readiness to accept facts, which is our chief political gift, an examination of the circumstances under which we have reached a settlement can be no balm for our political self-esteem. Nor does it encourage any confidence for the difficult problems of the future, for it is the Coalition method to try Tory policy first, and then when that fails to fall back on Liberal policy. It will sometimes happen that the situation created by Tory methods will not be curable by Liberal methods. It looks as if we have just escaped that fate in this case. In others we may not be equally fortunate.

THE MIND OF SIMLA.

THREE critical events must, as we judge, be treated as directly antecedent to the crisis in which the Prince of Wales's Indian tour has become involved. First, the arrest and condemnation, at Karachi, of the Ali brothers, the reckless leaders of the Khilafat agitation; second, the piteous confession of Mr. Gandhi, after the Bombay disturbances on the day of the Prince's landing; third, the astounding success, on the same day, of the *harta*, or mourning strike, which was imposed upon the business quarters of Calcutta by the Non-Co-operation Volunteers. We suppose that Lord Reading and his advisers saw the tactical advantage that Mr. Gandhi had given them by his perplexity and his penitence. At once they changed their policy towards Non-Co-operation. It is easy to follow their reasoning. The one leader who was believed to command the multitude, the only one who will make no terms with violence, was quailing. The others did not count. The Calcutta *harta*, revealing the unexpected strength of Non-Co-operation in Bengal, went to the strengthening of the argument for repression. The Government saw for the first time with what extraordinary success the rank and file of the Non-Co-operators could act in a great city; and last Monday, when the Prince arrived at Allahabad, they had a second, and not less startling, demonstration. Thereupon, banking upon the seclusion of the Alis, the mental confusion of Mr. Gandhi, and the support of the mercantile community smarting from the *harta*, they resolved to strike.

The "Times" of December 13th contains an account of the *harta* from its Calcutta correspondent. He describes the rigorous closing of the bazaars, the strike of trams and cabs, the stoppage of all vehicles,

the polite coercion of European riders, the merciless enforcement of the boycott throughout the city. In Ireland the scene would have presented no single element of strangeness. But, occurring in India, in the greatest city east of Constantinople, it may well have seemed like the end of an epoch both to the Europeans and to that large section of the Indian community whose interests are inseparable from British rule. It led inevitably to the proclamation of the Non-Co-operation Volunteers as seditious associations. They fall into two divisions: those under the National Congress, comprising the young Hindu followers of Mr. Gandhi; and those recruited by the Khilafat leaders, who are, of course, Moslems, and for the most part not specially devoted to non-violence or the doctrine of "soul-force." Against the whole body the Government has issued its decree, being well aware what was likely to happen if the Prince of Wales arrived at Calcutta next week with the volunteer legionaries in possession of the city. The pickets have been arrested by hundreds and dealt with under the summary-justice laws; and at the time of writing it is by no means certain that the Government will not have on its hands the problem of thousands of young enthusiasts insisting upon being put under arrest. "While we must not avoid arrest," Mr. Gandhi wrote lately in his paper, "we must not provoke it by unnecessary offence." The Bengalee leaders are not observing the caution, while they have presented the authorities with yet another embarrassing difficulty. Bengalee ladies have been taking active part in the agitation, and some of them have been lodged in gaol. It would be difficult to exaggerate the social sensation in India caused by Indian ladies being led off to the cells. It should be noted that, since Bombay, these demonstrations have been without a trace of violence.

Having, through its own ignorance and unwisdom, allowed the continuance of conditions which were bound to produce the Non-Co-operation Volunteers, the Government of India had left itself no choice but to attempt their suppression. That is the established official routine. But the arrests of leaders in all the major provinces show a design to close the Indian National Congress, which is due to meet in annual session next week at Ahmedabad. Its President-elect, Mr. C. R. Das, of Calcutta, is in custody. He is Gandhi's strongest lieutenant in Bengal; and the story of his recent conversation with the Governor would seem to imply that Mr. Das is the de Valera rather than the Arthur Griffith of the National Congress. At least, he parted from Lord Ronaldshay, not to call off the Volunteers, but to bring about a more complete concentration on the boy-

cott of the Prince's visit. His defiance appears to have been absolute.

As a problem of statesmanship, this newer India is Ireland once more, on an enormously magnified scale. Whatever his estimate of Gandhi, and the National Congress dominated by Gandhi, Lord Reading cannot be so simple as to imagine that peace can be brought home to India by the panic expedients of the past month. Mr. C. R. Das may be put away, and Mr. Gandhi go into final retreat. But the fact will remain that the masses of India have been stirred to the depths by a unique leader and a unique appeal, and British rule, if it is to continue, must be adjusted to the new reality. It has two distinct aspects—Moslem and Hindu. Lord Reading, to do him justice, has needed no awakening to the gravity of the Moslem issue since the close of the war. The Khilafat leaders have heard from his own lips that his influence has been used steadily in the direction of a fair settlement with Turkey and the Islamic powers. The other aspect of the crisis has escaped him. Not long ago Lord Chelmsford, the ex-Viceroy, defended in the Lords the earlier policy of the Government of India towards Non-Co-operation as that of allowing the agitation to fail by virtue of its inherent absurdity. Such a policy was intelligent only to the extent of its being positive, ready to deal courageously with the root conditions which gave force to the Gandhi appeal. But the Indian bureaucracy is anything but positively intelligent. To the official mind of Delhi and Simla Mr. Gandhi is merely a fanatic. And, as we said at the beginning of this article, when he is in difficulties the bureaucratic mind draws the conclusion that his movement can straightway be crushed. But it is not to Simla that Lord Reading should go for guidance in this crisis, but rather to the makers of the Irish peace, and to Mr. Gandhi himself. Whenever the Government he is fighting happens to be in a special difficulty, Mr. Gandhi goes to its aid—witness the whole of his record in South Africa from the Boer War, and the injunction to his followers after the Punjab outbreak in 1919. In the light of such things, Mr. Gandhi's penance for the Bombay riot in November offered Lord Reading the opportunity for which Simla had been looking. Mr. Gandhi, as the files of his paper show, was engaged in overhauling his leading principle. But the Simla mind has been too much for Lord Reading, as it has been for his predecessors. And yet, when all is said, who could contend that a movement led by such a man as M. K. Gandhi, with his absolute assurance of the futility of force, is a harder thing to win than Sinn Fein?

SKETCHES OF MODERN CHINA.

III.—CHINESE AMUSEMENTS.

By BERTRAND RUSSELL.

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ONE of the most obvious characteristics of the Chinese is their love of fireworks. On arriving at a Chinese temple, the worshipper is given a set of Chinese crackers to explode on the temple steps, so as to put him in a good humor. When I invited the most intellectual of my students to an evening party, they sent several days ahead extraordinarily elaborate *jeux d'artifice* to be let off in my courtyard. On the night of the Chinese New Year (which is different from ours) it is impossible to sleep a wink, because every household, north, south, east, and west, spends the whole night sending off rockets and golden rain and every imaginable noisy

display. I did not find any Chinaman, however grave, who failed to enjoy these occasions.

Chinese New Year is like our Christmas, or rather, what our Christmas would be if no one in the country were over ten years old, except the shopkeepers and confectioners. Everybody buys toys of one sort or another: paper windmills which go round and round in the wind as they are held in the hands of fat old gentlemen in rickshas; rattles more rattling than any European baby enjoys; gaudy paper pictures of all kinds; Chinese lanterns with horsemen on the outside who begin to gallop round as soon as the lantern is lit.

All these things are sold in the courtyards of temples, which take the place of Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. I went on their New Year's Day to the "Temple of the Eighteen Hells," where the posthumous tortures of eighteen kinds of sinners are depicted in the spirit of "Ruthless Rhymes." A vast crowd was going round, shouting with laughter at the various horrors, none of which were portrayed in any but a comic spirit. In the largest, gayest, and most crowded temple, in the inmost court, I found the Salvation Army singing hymns to a brass band and preaching through an interpreter, assuring the Bank Holiday crowd that its amusements were idolatrous and must infallibly bring eternal damnation. The crowd enjoyed this even more than the eighteen native hells, laughed more vociferously, and applauded with vast good humor. I do not think it occurred to any of them that the Salvationists were in earnest, for, if it had, good manners (never deficient in any class in China) would have demanded a different reception. I alone was left somewhat pensive, reflecting upon the benefits of the civilization we are bringing to the poor benighted heathen.

The educated classes, though they do not lose the capacity for childish pleasures, have also others of a more refined kind; in fact, the art of exquisite enjoyment has probably been carried to greater perfection than anywhere else in the world. In all the most beautiful places there are Buddhist monasteries, to which scholars go when they desire a studious retreat. At any specially admirable point of view, one finds a pavilion, put up, not by a tourist agency, but by some Emperor or poet with a perfect appreciation of what the landscape needs. No sooner has one sat down in this astonishing summer-house than some kind person, like a genie in "The Arabian Nights," brings tea in little cups—not the gross liquid that we call tea, but an amber-colored nectar with an intoxicating fragrance, half aromatic, half like the meadows in June, combining the freshness of spring with the beauty of summer sunshine robbed of its dust and heat. One's Chinese hosts begin immediately to discuss some ancient philosophic theme: whether progress is rectilinear or cyclic; whether the perfect sage must be always self-sacrificing, or may on occasion consider his own interest; whether it is better to meditate on death or to ignore it. These subjects will be argued with a wealth of classical quotation and anecdotes of ancient philosophers. But presently some one will mention Japanese aggression in Shantung, or missionary education, or labor conditions in the cotton mills on the Yangtze. At once the delicate spell is broken, and one realizes that, willingly or unwillingly, one is part of the force that must inevitably destroy this beauty and peace inherited from a happier age.

The Chinese have a great aptitude for games of skill. They play a kind of chess which is far more complicated than ours, and needs a board of 256 squares. Those who subsequently learn our variety of the game find it exceedingly simple, and can soon beat quite good European players. They are also much addicted to various easier games, which they play for money. Gambling has always been a national vice, and is their principal vice now that the smoking of opium has been nearly stamped out except where Japanese pedlars can smuggle it in.

One of the less agreeable sides of Peking life is the enormous number of beggars. Even in the severest winter frosts they are dressed in rags which let the air through; sometimes they have wounds or sores at which they point like the Saints in medieval pictures. As one goes through the streets in a ricksha, beggars run after one, calling out in a piteous voice: "Da lao yeh!"

which means, "Great old sire." If one is on foot, they sometimes perform the kow-tow to one in the middle of the street. All this is embarrassing and painful, and at first one reacts with a C.O.S. emotion. But gradually one discovers that they have their beats and their office hours; that well-to-do Chinese like giving to them, and that many of them are fat. When they are not at work, they congregate together under a sunny wall and smoke cigarettes. At these times they take a holiday from the pretence of misery, and talk and laugh with the utmost gaiety. I do not think any European tramp could endure the hardships they put up with, and live; but there is no doubt that they preserve to the full that capacity for enjoying every pleasant moment which is the gift of the gods to the Chinese nation.

Educated Chinese derive considerable pleasure from gently pulling the foreigner's leg—but with such delicacy that no one could possibly be annoyed. I was taken one day by two Chinese friends to see a famous old pagoda, which was in a slightly ruinous condition. I went up the winding stairs to the top, and thought they were following; but when I emerged I saw them below me engaged in earnest conversation. On reaching the bottom again, I asked why they had not come up. Their reply was characteristic: "We debated for a long time, with many weighty arguments pro and con, whether we should follow you or not. But at last we decided that if the pagoda should crumble while you were on it, it would be as well that there should be some one to bear witness as to how the philosopher died, so we stayed below." The fact was that the weather was warm and one of them was fat.

The modernized Chinese, unfortunately, have mostly lost the power to appreciate native art; when I praised Chinese pictures they invariably retorted that the perspective is wrong. I was assured by Europeans that good pictures in the old style are still being produced, but I saw none of them myself; I was shown the imitations of our painting produced in the up-to-date art schools, but it was a devastating and horrible experience. The older Chinese still appreciate the old pictures, many of which are inconceivably beautiful. There is in China a much closer connection than in Europe between painting and poetry, perhaps because the same instrument, the brush, is used for both. The Chinese value a good piece of calligraphy just as much as a good picture; often the painter will write a poem or sentiment on the margin of his picture, and the beauty of the writing will be as much admired as that of the painting. Pictures are not hung on walls, as with us, but kept rolled up, and treated like books, to be read one at a time. Some of them are so long that they cannot be seen all at once; they represent, perhaps, all the scenery that you might see successively during a long day's walk in the mountains. At the beginning of the picture you see two figures starting up a footpath from the plain, probably with a willow-pattern bridge in the foreground; presently you find the same figures ascending through strange gorges and forests, which are realistic, though no one unacquainted with China would think so; just as your legs begin to ache in sympathy, the friends arrive at some exquisite temple and enjoy tea with philosophic converse in a pavilion. From there the mountains rise vaster and more inaccessible into dim regions where their shapes seem like misty epiphanies of something divine, and the spectator cannot tell where solid ground has passed into the cloud-shapes of mystical imagination. This is only one style of picture; there are many others, just as admirable. For my part, I derive far more pleasure from them than from even the best of European pictures; but in this I am willing to suppose

that my taste is bad. I wish I could believe that something of the Chinese capacity for creating beauty could survive, but at the devastating approach of the white man beauty flies like a shy ghost. For us, beauty belongs to museums or to the final self-glorification of blatant millionaires; we cannot regard it as a thing for every day, or as equal in importance to health or cleanliness or money. Chinese dealers, with whom avarice is a passion, will sacrifice large sums sooner than sell a beautiful thing to a person of no taste. But neither they nor anyone else can keep alive the ancient loveliness of China, or the instinctive happiness which makes China a paradise after the fierce weariness of our distracted and trivial civilization.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I THINK there is no reasonable doubt that the Irish settlement will go through, both on the merits of the instrument and on the sound sense of the Irish people, which, having won a great victory, means to secure its substance, even at the cost of letting a shadowy phrase or two go. The practical merits of the Treaty are in defence and finance. In other words, Ireland is free of our interference; and she sees her way to a prosperous State. So she may well bless the good star which gave her idealists and her men of affairs an equal hand in the shaping of the peace. It is a mistake to suppose that either the fighting men or the fighting counties are for repudiation. Both are substantially united for acceptance, well knowing that rejection would destroy Sinn Fein. The case, indeed, is stronger than that of South Africa, for the Botha, the de Wet, and the Delarey of Ireland are with Mr. Griffith and not with Mr. de Valera. Their adherence to the Treaty has the incalculable good of drawing the sting of bitterness out of the minority, and enabling idealism to make a protest without driving Ireland back on war. Throughout the earlier phases of the settlement there will no doubt be a Republican minority. We must accept that. It is not a bad thing, for it will be a bit in the mouth of reaction here, a warning that if the Treaty is disloyally handled, an Irish avenger will be forthcoming.

So far as the structure of the Treaty goes, the most difficult part is the Governor-Generalship. Cynics will say that it helps horse-show week, and therefore that all is well. Nevertheless, the Governor-General is a problem. Is he to have political power or no? If he is merely a symbol and an ornament, he may stand as a more or less picturesque memory of the Pale; and if the present Viceroy exchanges the new uniform for the old, and is content to reign without governing, and to follow the advice of his Ministers, Dublin, which respects him, may be content. That is the necessary evolution, for the new Irish system is government by an *Irish* Government and Parliament, the veto from Downing Street and the over-ruling power from Westminster having alike determined. I think this is the prevailing view in Ireland; and for that reason the Dáil is likely to pass the Treaty as it stands, avoiding amendment on the more debatable issues. That will be wise. For if strengthening amendments may pass in Dublin, weakening ones will soon become current coin in London, and the Treaty be exposed to absolute defacement and defeat.

MEANTIME, let those who merit the palm wear it. I should have been delighted to place the wreath

on Sir Hamar Greenwood's head, had I not observed that he had already performed that office for himself. In his speech to the members of the Canada Club, he said that he had "done his best to bring peace to the Free State of Ireland." No doubt that is true. Some theologians regard evil as the complement of good, and the Devil as an indispensable element in the scheme of salvation. In that view, who can deny the highest degree of credit to a policy whose sins found its authors out almost before the ink was dry on the pens that ordered it, or the blood on the bayonets that executed it? It was so bad that the reaction from it was bound to be violent; so that a settlement that might have satisfied an Ireland that remembered Gladstone was clearly inadequate to a country tempted to think of England as mainly peopled by Greenwoods and Black-and-Tans. Perhaps this was the subtle calculation. The skilled gardener had his eye all along on the tree of freedom, and planted it, when no one was looking, in the black shadow of the last and worst Irish coercion. And what an Armida's garden Liberty is! Seated beneath its magic boughs, Greenwood sees Michael Collins changed from a "murderer" and an "organizer" of "blood-deluge," to a hero, "really" representing the "faith and aspirations" of Ireland. I hope that Mr. Collins experienced a reciprocal transformation. It would be interesting to hear what, having seen the "last Irish Secretary" face to face, he "really" thought of him.

Now that Lenin has announced that Russian Communism is retiring on "prepared positions," perhaps he will be so kind as to order its retirement from the Republic of Georgia, where, I am told, it is represented by from 100,000 to 120,000 members of the Red Army, engaged in eating up that beautiful land and turning it into a desert. They are asked to abstain in the name of the democracies who demanded self-determination for Soviet Russia. What right has Bolshevism in Georgia? There is a constituted National Government. The workmen of Tiflis and elsewhere have demonstrated in thousands in favor of the withdrawal of the Russian troops and the re-establishment of the Georgian Government, now practically superseded, and for the stoppage of the persecutions and deportations of the workers. The answer of the Tcheka has been more persecutions and more deportations. That may be the answer of a Russia that acknowledges no responsibility save to itself. But that is no longer the Communist attitude. If Lenin, unlike Pio Nono, is now willing to "transact" with European democracy, then he must bow to its public opinion.

I COUNSEL those who see some growing gleams in the darkness of European politics—

"un pâle éclair dans une nuit profonde"—to fortify their souls with a reading of Mr. Claud Mullins's book, "The Leipzig Trials" (Witherby). The "Times's" attempt to defame these trials may have a little obscured their moral service. If so, this record of Mr. Mullins should fix their credit for ever. They were not a capital event in international law, for the simple reason that there was very little of such law to appeal to. They took place in a national court, interpreting a national code. Nevertheless, as Mr. Mullins says, they were of great "political and ethical value," the credit of which must be divided between England and Germany. France might have shared the prize, but—as in the trial of Generals Kruska and von Schack, charged with deliberately spreading a

typhus epidemic in a prison camp—she chose to present a fantastic and vindictive issue, and to support it by worthless evidence. She got the rebuff she deserved.

BELGIUM was more doubtfully treated, and on the case impartially described by Mr. Mullins, one agrees with him that the acquittal resulted either from a misreading of German law or a defect of proof, and that moral guilt existed. But the British trials deserve no less a title than a triumph of justice over the tyranny of nationalism. They were conducted with admirable temper. I can fully credit Mr. Mullins's statement that the British Mission, with Sir Ernest Pollock, behaved like gentlemen. They did more. Their presentation of the evidence, and the demeanor of the British witnesses, not only made a profound impression on the Leipzig Court; they broke down the case for Prussianism, and destroyed a defence based largely on a code of military "honor" as well as on law. Mr. Mullins bears generous witness to the response of the President, Dr. Schmidt, and his six assistant judges. They showed, he said, a desire to be "true to the traditions of fairness and impartiality which are the pride of all judicial courts." When one remembers what these trials were, and to what passions of anger and grief they appealed, they seem little less than rainbows in the sky.

THE later Lord Morley has lived too retired a life to keep the full knowledge of his personality before a younger age, though its charm of manner and reflection (the latter well veiled in irony) has been shed with fair abundance on a circle. But on Ireland Lord Morley's interest has worn its old eagerness, with little or no covering of reserve. Her troubles were deeply felt by her old ambassador and friend; and their sudden passage has been a ray of summer light and warmth at the close of the year.

THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM published last week some messages on the Irish Peace Treaty. Unfortunately that from Mr. Scott arrived too late for insertion. Those who know something of the part the editor of the "Manchester Guardian" played in its negotiation, will incline to think it is the most important of all:—

"I don't know how other people feel, but I feel as if a leaden weight had been lifted from my mind and the background of life altered. I feared, and I believe with reason, a renewal of the terror. It would have been our duty—yours and mine—to move heaven and earth to prevent it, but the odds are it would have come if negotiations had failed, and then we should have been in for the biggest fight of our lives, and you and I might well have been landed in prison. The settlement, in my opinion, is far better than that contained in any of the Home Rule Bills. There is a finality about it which belonged to none of them, and a real release to the whole mind and heart of Ireland which may bear fine fruit, not for her only, but for all of us. The surprise is equal to the relief. Never was it more true that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. The credit belongs to both sides; in a supreme degree, no doubt, to the Prime Minister, whose patience and extraordinary resource saved the situation a dozen times over, and with him, perhaps, in the final stage should be ranked Lord Birkenhead and the two chief Irish negotiators, Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins. We must all respect the courage and steadfastness shown by Mr. Chamberlain and the other leaders of the Conservative wing of the Government; and let not the great part played by General Smuts be forgotten. Apart from

his initiative would the end ever have been reached? It is a proud thing that British statesmanship should thus have vindicated itself at a supreme moment of our history, as it had done before in the case of South Africa. Ratification remains, but it is inconceivable to me that Dáil Eireann should not ratify the Treaty of its Plenipotentiaries. Ulster, perhaps, is left rather in the cold, but if she remains there it will be by her own choice, and in the end she is bound, I believe, to take her place by the family hearth."

A RESIDENT in Smyrna writes me:—

"In your London Diary of November 19th, you say of the Greek Administration of Smyrna, 'Certainly the record is a very fine one.' I do not see any evidences in Smyrna or the neighborhood in support of your contention, and I have lived here nearly all my life. Cholera, plague, small-pox, and exanthematous fever are not endemic and not more common than in Athens, and during the last half century, to my knowledge, there have been only two epidemics of cholera, and none of plague. I believe that during the war exanthematous fever was common, but was stamped out before the arrival of the Greeks in 1919. Malarial fever has been worse during the last three years than in all my experience, and is said to have been imported from the Struma by Greek troops.

"The sanitary condition of Smyrna is now worse than I remember it. Since the Greek occupation, repairs to the streets of the most elementary kind have ceased, and holes are so large and numerous that many streets cannot be used by carts and carriages. The country roads are dreadful, and worse than under the Turks.

"As regards agriculture, large tracts of country have gone out of cultivation, owing to the flight of the Turkish population; and the dishonest methods employed by the Greeks in buying grain discourage cultivation.

"Turkish government was vile, but the Greeks should deserve praise before they get it."

THE production of Hjalmar Erlingsson's "Galley Slaves" by the Playwright's Theatre (writes a correspondent) was a bold experiment. The play, in spite of its rather obscure symbolism, has a certain dramatic power. It suffers largely from a confusion of dramatic interest. This fluctuates between the tragedy of the sheriff Sigurdsson, confronted with his crime of forgery after seven years of prosperity, and the study of his wife Anuta and her relentless struggle for freedom. The result is a sense of confusion and uncertainty of technique. Erlingsson is influenced by Ibsen in the symbolic and fatalistic significance of his play, and he has also borrowed freely for his subject-matter from "The Pillars of Society." Sigurdsson, like Karsten Bernick, has made another man suffer for his crime. But Jens Thomson, guilty in intention though not in fact, is the greater villain, making even Sigurdsson's faint remorse unreal and shadowy. Erlingsson himself seems aware of this weakness, for the problem of Sigurdsson's guilt is speedily absorbed into the greater tragedy of his jealous suffering for his wife, and his failure to protect her against Thomson and her own instincts. Sigurdsson and the young Socialist Eggert are both galley slaves, the one chained to his crime, the other to his remorse for the dead Karine, drowned through his negligence. For each spiritual salvation lies in courage to face the past. But the fatalistic spirit of the play overpowers the individual will of both men. Eggert, urged by the gentle Christine, Karine's friend, overcomes his fear of the sea, and the dead girl; and Sigurdsson is roused at last to kill Jens Thomson rather than accept his mastery, only to find Eggert has himself fallen a victim to his wife's fascination. It is the drawing of the inhuman Anuta, who steers the galley and its occupants on to the rocks, that gives the play its distinction. It was excellently produced by Edwin

Greenwood; and Mary Merrall as Anuta gave a performance remarkable for its suggestion of unearthly and voluptuous charm.

HERE is a last leaf from the closed book of the Anglo-Irish war. A priest in the North of England (who terminated a four years' war-service by being torpedoed on the eve of the Armistice) received, some three weeks ago, a parcel of church candles from a manufacturer. Scarcely had the goods arrived, when the police called and searched the parcel for—gun-barrels.

STRAWS from the constituencies. A Unionist candidate of the Die-Hard persuasion lately made a strong appeal to a meeting of his constituents for a great Empire, a great Army and Navy, and great "sacrifices" to keep these luxuries going. "No more dead sons for us," was the retort from a woman voter.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

MONTAIGNE.

WE owe the Press many things, not all of them gladly; but for one thing at least we may be its thankful debtors, and that is that it has allowed, if not engaged, the essay to survive. From the days of Addison the essayist has been journalist too, and that which cost Montaigne a lifetime has thereafter been compassed within the year, if not to its advantage, then to its perennity. That is an accident of public economy, however, which is beside the matter, for both Montaigne and Bacon were very capable of journalism for all their leisurely habit. One was deeply versed in affairs, the other kept a wary eye for them and knew, as we put it, the time of day with the best. But politics was not Montaigne's business, and, if he had been living to-day, he would be one of our best "middle" practitioners, a writer deliberately desultory, occasional; "fluctuating and various," as he said. I could name the weekly which he would adorn, and those which would have none of him. And the daily also. There is but one. I think he would be welcomed there.

The essay may be *décousu* if the essayist pleases, and as Montaigne certainly did—that is, if himself is so. It is better thus, for the general, than that it should be crabbed, though personally I like close writing. It may, indeed, be both crabbed and desultory; and that was Montaigne's way; for however much he might meander, he had a serried mind and massed himself upon his points as they turned up. That was by no means in any orderly sequence, as he proves abundantly by thrusting his tenderest reminiscences of his father into his essay "De l'Yvrongnerie," with which the worthy man had nothing at all to do. He slips into them by exclaiming, "C'est merveille des contes que j'ay oy faire à mon père de la chasteté de son siècle," and breaks them off abruptly with, "Revenons à nos bouteilles." That is so desultory as to be casual; yet the simplicity of handling rids it of offence. He adored his father. The occasion of his writing essays may account for the form which they took. He began by making extracts from the classics into a commonplace book. Thereafter, when a subject occurred to him, he looked through his notes, picked his quotations, and there, practically, you were. He picked too many, and used them all. Some of his early essays merely strung them together like beads. But he set the fashion which did not forsake us till the other day (and then for a very good reason), and became a quarry for his disciples, as Burton of the "Anatomy" also became.

Men went to Montaigne, not to follow out his vagaries, but to stimulate their own. As he grew more into the work he was doing he improved vastly upon his first attempts. He kept closer to life, dealt less in general ideas. His citations then had point, by ceasing to be the only point. He is at his highest in his third book, as in "Sur des Vers de Virgile" and "Du Repentir," and very nearly as good in the twelfth essay of the second book: "Apologie de Raimond de Sebonde." In each of those three he has a subject close to his heart—Love, Himself, Mankind. There, having something better to do, he makes the classics fetch and carry for him. Nobody who desires to know to what point detachment can be carried without ceasing to be human can afford to neglect the "Apologie." It is the best alterative conceivable for what ills an excessive use of "Gulliver's Travels" may have induced in the reader. "J'ay veu en mon temps cent artisans, cent laboureurs, plus sages et plus heureux que des Recteurs de l'Université." And again, "La peste de l'homme c'est l'opinion de sçavoir."

With those and certain other exceptions I don't pretend to idolatrous admiration of Montaigne. I will play with anybody at anything up and down the world, but must know what game it is we are playing. Montaigne does not. There never was a man who cared less for sum-m-ject and om-m-ject. Though he prefers to handle general notions, he takes them by the handful at a time; and I don't believe you will find a core of idea in an essay of his. Sometimes he will intend for one and never reach it. There is an essay of good length in the second book called "Coustume de l'Isle de Cea," in which there is not a word either of the island or the custom, whatever it was. He had not reached them, I suppose, by the time he was tired. One in the third book, "Des Coches," opens with a discussion of the habit of blessing the sneezer—a pretty oblique attack. But one does not go to Montaigne to find a theme stated, or disquisition festooned about a peg. He is one to be opened at hazard; a good man for the *sortes*. You will find wisdom on every page; many a sharp sentence: "Nos folies ne me font pas rire; c'est nos saperiences"; a pungency, a salt; but you will seldom be touched either to laughter or tears; and for a kindly old man, as he surely was, he is curiously without charm. He has friends—he tells us so; but they were few, and in general he held men at arm's length. "La froideur de ma conversation m'a desrobé avec raison la bienvaillance de plusieurs." How many friends has he made since his death? Think of him beside Burton, Sir Thomas Browne, Charles Lamb. If the whole of his book had been as the last half of it we might have had a different feeling towards him. If his heart had gone in, ours might have gone out. His writing mellows as it goes on, as no doubt he did himself. Whether it tells us anything is another matter.

"With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart. . . ."

that is, with the sonnet. Can that be said of Montaigne and the essay? If the essayist is not personal he is naught, and may as well class himself pamphleteer at once. Personal they have been, one and all, importing their egos into any argument whatsoever, allowing no other staple, considering no appeals. Except lyric poetry, I suppose there is no such fun in the world, given the knack, as essay-writing. You write of what you know best and love best. "Son plus laborieux et principal estude c'est s'estudier soy," Montaigne reported of his own wit. That is by no means to say that he publishes all his discoveries. Other things besides interest go into the study. Vanity goes in; prejudice is never out. Humility may be under the table, and modesty have her

back to the wall. When you read Montaigne upon "Le Repentir," you may think he has told you everything, so much has he the air of having discharged his bosom. Analyze the essay and you will find that he has, indeed, been frank about his tower, chamber, library, and *basse-cour*, but singularly discreet about himself and his own plenishings. A word or two of his habits—eating, drinking, sleeping; nothing else, and nothing that matters. After studying the subject for forty years, that is not all he had learned. It is what he has thought fit to tell; and I don't think that either modesty or humility held his hand.

For that apparent candor and real secretiveness, I conclude, and not because he was perfectly calm about the St. Bartholomew and the like of that, Michelet could not find a good word to say for him. Certainly, if a man is writing the History of France he may be pardoned for losing patience with a man or with mankind. Man as he ought not to be was good enough for Montaigne, whose historical researches went no further than the fall of the Roman Empire, and could not have discovered him much about the French one even if he had been concerned about it. No doubt also that he took more interest in man than in men. He was ever a solitary. He mentions the wars of religion rarely, and mostly as a bore. He reports that he has seen men burnt for religion's sake—"ces pauvres gens"—and has remarked their wild devotions in the midst of the fire. By such exercises, he deems, they kept the faith, or rather they gave it new direction; which, he goes on, says much for their piety, little for their constancy. He is woundily right, as usual, but it's a hard saying. There are not many more references to passing events: the execution of Mary Stuart is one, and no reprobation for it. He calls François II., her first husband, the greatest king in Christendom, which is a compliment probably to the realm rather than to the little monarch. As for his own beliefs, he professed himself a Catholic, and purposed to live and die in that persuasion—as, in fact, he did. For all that appears, he was what we call a deist. The "Paternoster" was enough prayer for him; but there is as little about the Savior in the "Essais" as there is in "Lycidas," nothing of the Madonna, nothing of the hierarchies except a good story of an old woman who was found with two tapers alight before the altar of St. Michael, one for him and one for the dragon. I think Montaigne burnt his candles in duplicate too. He was, and professed to be, the man of common sense, the average concupiscent male who had contrived to temper appetite by maintaining an accurate view of the consequences of indulgence. He positively declined to regret anything that he had done.

I have been led away from the "Essais" to consider the essayist, a vain exercise if I am right in thinking that he purposely spun himself out of sight in them. No matter for that; he has done his work, done it so well that from his day to our own the form has persisted without any material change. If one had to define the essay it would be as the written, after-dinner monologue of a well-read, well-satisfied man of, at least, five-and-forty. Years don't matter: the spirit of years matters very much. You must be mature enough to pontificate, and wise enough to do it tactfully. You must not be long, you should not be difficult; you may be discursive, but not abrupt. You should eschew eloquence and outrageous fun; you should subserve the chuckle. You may bedew the eyes, not drown them. You may not take sides, nor improve the occasion. Your teaching must be by the way. "Je n'enseigne point," Montaigne says, "je raconte." You will be allusive, of course—all full men are so; and you will quote freely, often inaccurately.

A anecdote should be your salt, but I don't think quotation should be your pepper.

It was Montaigne's, undoubtedly, and, like his anecdotes, almost entirely of one people and language. It was very well for his auditory of the moment, which, with him, spoke Latin at least as well as French—he himself spoke it better. But that implacable people, the Romans, have receded far from us. Neither Troy nor Rome stands where it did. Our essayists have since discovered other nations. First it was Israel, and you had Abishaig and Aholibah, Hophni and Phinehas, walking familiarly in the page; next it was Shakespeare; and now we have more Keats than we really need. But certainly we are more temperate, or more ignorant, than our fathers; and at least we are short. So had I better be.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

Communications.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The political atmosphere in Canada presents many parallels as well as acute divergences from the British situation. In both countries the creation of a Coalition Government designed for the better furtherance of the national war effort vitally impaired the fabric of the two great historic parties and rendered their future difficult and dubious. While the British Coalition has retained its original character, from the Canadian there has emerged a new party sonorously styled the National Liberal and Conservative. But only a meagre and uninfluential contingent of the Coalition Liberals have been absorbed in it, with the result that it is virtually a new edition of the old Tory Party of Canada. The Coalition Liberals had their chief strength in the Western Provinces, and the majority of them have joined the new Progressive Party which, under the leadership of Mr. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Agriculture in the last Borden administration, has developed out of the agrarian movement. At one time a reunion of the Liberal forces seemed possible, but personal resentments and unskillful leadership allowed the opportunity to slip by, and the party, while strong in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, has made scant progress towards a recovery of its power elsewhere.

The death of Laurier in 1919 left the same sort of gap in his party, and no one has arisen who can bend Ulysses' bow. Mr. Mackenzie King, who succeeded him, was probably the best available choice, and has behind him at the early age of forty-seven a long record of political and administrative experience. He is an earnest and industrious politician who has a certain preaching capacity, and, as befits the author of a book called "Industry and Humanity," a special knowledge of industrial problems. But he was probably unfortunate in the rapidity of his promotion to Cabinet rank by Laurier, and seems to many observers of his career to present a clear case of arrested political development. With great fervor he proclaims his adhesion to democratic formulae which have long been commonplaces among Liberals in every land and clime. But he declines to blaze any new trails of political thought, and is cautious to the verge of timidity in his declarations about the tariff and other current problems. His promises of a revised tariff, which will help both the consumer and producer, are strongly reminiscent of the Chamberlain campaign, and now that the Liberal programme of 1919 has failed in its design of staving off the competition of a Radical Party, he and his lieutenants are shamelessly discarding many of the fiscal clauses lest they lose votes in the industrial centres.

While Mr. King is not blessed with any superabundance of imagination or political courage, it must be admitted that the composition of his party makes his task

very difficult. Two-thirds of its strength lies in the French-Canadian voters who were solid behind Laurier on the conscription issue in 1917, and are determined to punish at this election Mr. Meighen and others regarded by them as the authors of Laurier's political ruin. But Protectionism has many strong adherents in Quebec, which has in recent years been the scene of a great industrial development, and politicians like Sir Lomer Gouin, who is contesting a Montreal seat as a Liberal [since elected], make no secret of their hostility to tariff reduction. Within the Liberal Party is to be found every brand of economic opinion, and as a result the coherent mind which is necessary for vigorous action and continued political success is simply lacking. Again, while French Canada contains within its bounds a body of just as sincere and ardent Liberals as any other province can boast of, it also shelters a volume of stubborn reaction which makes the present solidarity of the province on the Liberal side a menace to real democratic progress.

Mr. Henri Bourassa, who recently emerged from his long retirement to deliver one of his unrivalled analyses of the Canadian political situation, exposed in merciless fashion the existing weakness of the Liberal Party, and exhorted his followers to support wherever possible the Progressive candidates. Mr. King bewails in every speech the chill aloofness of the Progressives and their folly in splitting the anti-Governmental forces. But how can the Progressives dream of working with alleged Liberals like Mr. Lemieux, who advocate turning over the State railway system to the C.N.R., and appeal for votes against Mr. Meighen because the Senate has granted too many divorces and the Pensions Board has recognized the claims of unmarried mothers? The disintegration of the Liberal Party might be temporarily avoided by a sweeping electoral success which would provide a clear majority over all opponents and an open path to office, but otherwise it cannot be long averted.

Mr. Meighen has put up a courageous fight, but the incompetence and stupidity of most of his colleagues have rendered nugatory his efforts to convince the electorate of the virtues of his administration. There remain the Progressives, who have a clear-cut radical programme and an excellent organization in the rural districts. They possess two first-rate leaders in Mr. Crerar and Mr. Drury, and while their main support will come from the agriculturists, they have managed to attract the sympathies of progressive elements in the towns and cities. They will sweep the prairie provinces and the country constituencies in Ontario, but as they have not had time to organize any serious invasion of Quebec, they cannot hope to obtain a majority over the other parties and will be satisfied to return a compact group of seventy-five members. [They actually obtained sixty-five seats.]

The common impression is that unless unforeseen developments occur the next Parliament will contain three appreciably equal groups, with a sprinkling of Labor members and Independents. The Liberals, thanks to the political unity of French Canada, are likely to have a short lead in numbers, and Mr. Mackenzie King in that event would probably be called upon to form a Government. His prospects of support from the Progressives are poor, and in the absence of a Parliamentary majority he would probably abandon the enterprise. Much will then depend upon the comparative strength of the progressive and reactionary forces within the Liberal Party after the election. If the former predominate, then a Progressive-Liberal Government under Mr. Crerar or Mr. Drury can be contemplated as a satisfactory solution. If, on the other hand, the reactionary Liberals are numerically ascendant and Mr. Meighen has retained a reasonable number of seats, a fresh Protectionist Coalition under Mr. Fielding, Sir L. Gouin, or Sir Thomas White is inevitable. The name Liberal is very popular and useful to reactionary parties in the Dominions, and the term Conservative might easily disappear from the Canadian, as it has done from the Australian, political vocabulary. Canada would then find itself in the possession of two parties, styled respectively Liberal and Progressive. In a country cleft by racial and geographical divisions, a system of two parties, within whose bosoms sectional views can be reconciled, is almost a necessity as a form of national

cement. Between them there would be a healthy cleavage of opinion, and the democratic movement, which through the flaccidity and stupidity of Liberal leaders has been compelled to find expression in a new party, will inevitably within a few years come into its own and be able to translate its programme into legislation.

HESPERICUS.

Ottawa, November.

[This article was written before the election; but it gives a vivid account of party relationships, and partly forecasts the result.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

Letters to the Editor.

THE TURKS AND THE GREEKS.

SIR,—Professor Toynbee rubs his eyes in surprise (see THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for December 3rd) at my reference to the economic improvement effected by Greek administration in Smyrna, and asserts that the "trade of Smyrna is dead." A war is not usually accompanied by an increase of production, and it is only natural that the military operations in the Eskisehir and Afion Karahissar districts, for instance, should have checked exportation from these extremely fertile parts of Asia Minor. For the Sèvres area, however, the only part actually under Greek administration and relatively undisturbed by the war, I am in possession of facts and figures which afford a sure test of the economic effects of Greek rule.

Thus, to take agriculture, previous to the war the total area under cultivation stood at 126,000 hectares; by 1919 it had fallen to 45,000—to-day it stands at 135,000 hectares, i.e., above the pre-war level. There are districts which have not had such a crop for the last sixty years.

The Greek Administration has distributed 3,000 American ploughs and hundreds of thousands of kilogrammes of seed at nominal prices, has established schools of agriculture, and has lent twenty-five million drachmæ to agriculturists. Here we have a solid result achieved under the abnormal circumstances caused by war.

Mr. Toynbee protests against the requisitioning of the Lycée Sultaniyeh. It is quite true that this Turkish school has been converted by the Greeks into a Palais de Justice. Professor Toynbee, however, omits to add that the Greek Administration has been careful not to requisition a single Turkish school for the past twenty-two months, while it has had to billet soldiers on one Greek school after another.

Professor Toynbee asserts that the interior of the country is infested by Christian "chettis," who are busy exterminating the Turkish population, and who are pursuing this work in as close a harmony with the Greek authorities as that which obtained between Turkish "chettis" and Turkish officials in 1915. In the same way, he speaks of the record of Greek atrocities as parallel to the record of Turkish atrocities. This view I really cannot accept as a fair one. I do not wish to stress too much the undoubtedly fact that the lead in the matter of atrocities was taken by the Turks, and that any Greek atrocities are in the nature of reprisals, which, however deplorable, cannot be regarded as surprising, with racial and religious passion running so high. No doubt Professor Toynbee could adduce isolated cases of excesses committed by Greek soldiers or civilians against Turkish inhabitants. This is a very different thing, however, from the systematic extermination of a subject race, on the initiative and through the agency of the State.

That the Turkish State planned and directed the extermination of Greeks and Armenians during the war we know to be a fact. I most emphatically disagree with Professor Toynbee if he maintains that the same policy is to-day being followed by the Greek Administration in Asia Minor.

Professor Toynbee will surely not deny that Rahmy Bey, the last Turkish Vali of Smyrna, directed the deportation of the Greek populations. To suggest that the present Harmost of Ionia is following an analogous policy on the Greek side is for me inconceivable in a man like Professor Toynbee, who has been on the spot.

Professor Toynbee is aware that the first act of Monsieur Stergiadis, on arriving in Smyrna, was to order the

immediate execution of two Greeks guilty of excesses on the day of the Greek landing. Can Professor Toynbee adduce a similar instance on the Turkish side?

Whether perfectly successful or not, the Greek Administration in Western Asia Minor is honestly striving to secure broader religious and racial tolerance. In putting it, in this respect, on the same plane as Turkish administration, Professor Toynbee shows what appears to me to be an inexplicable lack of a sense of proportion.

I deplore more than I dare to say that Mr. Toynbee, the author of the most convincing exposure of Turkish rule, should now be lending his powerful aid to those who are trying to perpetuate the subjection of the Greeks and the Armenians to the blood-stained and incurable Government of the Turks.—Yours, &c.,

T. P. O'CONNOR.

5, Morpeth Mansions, S.W.

THE RELIEF OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

Sir,—It has been urged constantly, and was repeated in the recent debate in Parliament, that the Russian famine is due to Bolshevik misrule. Although I have been a severe critic of the Bolsheviks, particularly as regards their agrarian policy, I am convinced that they have had only a small share in causing the famine, and that even that small share is due to past mistakes now rectified. The main cause is the drought. Tsarist Russia was equally liable to famine; so is China. When I arrived in China last autumn, many millions of peasants were starving, but no one attributed the calamity to the Government. When, in the summer of last year, I travelled down the Volga, the peasants in the regions now suffering were obviously well fed in spite of Bolshevik rule. Famines occur periodically wherever there is peasant agriculture with inadequate transport facilities. It is true that the Bolshevik policy of requisitions formerly discouraged grain production, but this policy was reversed last spring, very wisely as I think.

Even were the Bolsheviks far more to blame than they are, there is no logic in starving anti-Bolshevik peasants because we dislike a Government to which they are opposed. If, some day, we were to have an advanced Labor Government and foreign Governments were to stop the export of grain to Great Britain, I am sure the opponents of Labor in this country would consider themselves very ill-used. Moreover, our policy inflicts upon the Russian peasants a penalty far worse than that which our law inflicts upon murderers, since death by starvation is far more painful than hanging; yet surely their guilt cannot be judged greater than that of a murderer even by the most vehement anti-Bolshevik.

From the point of view of policy, the argument for relieving the Russian famine immediately and effectively is at least equally strong, as Mr. Hoover has perceived.—Yours, &c.,

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

31, Sydney Street, S.W. 3.

THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

Sir,—I have read with interest your paragraph on the Belgian elections which appeared in your issue of December 3rd. Would you allow me to point out:—

1. That the only separatist party in Belgium, the Flemish Front Party, was heavily defeated at these elections and only able to return three members out of a total of 186 to the Chamber.

2. That the only representative group of the Flemish movement, the Katholiek Vlaamsch Verbond, is emphatically against separation. In a letter addressed to the Press last summer, Mr. Poulet, one of its leaders, made the following declaration: "I do not want separation either in one act, in two, or in three. Nearly all Flemings are against it. Belgium seems to me as necessary to the Flemings as Flanders is to Belgium. I cannot conceive one without the other." These views were endorsed by all the responsible leaders of the movement, including Mr. Van Cauwelaert, Mr. Van de Vyvere, and Mr. Helleputte.

3. That no Walloon deputy whatever has been returned on a separatist mandate.

It is therefore difficult to understand how the "division of the country into two autonomous areas" may be considered as the "immediate issue" of Belgian politics.—Yours, &c.,

EMILE CAMMAERTS.

CHINA: THE ACID TEST OF THE CONFERENCE.

Sir,—It is quite true that America to-day is enthusiastic about peace and radiantly hopeful regarding the success of the Washington Conference. Every clergyman is preaching on disarmament, representatives of forty universities and colleges have met at Princeton and passed a drastic resolution in favor of the severest limitation of armaments, women are everywhere agitating for peace with restless energy. So formidable is this rising passion—fed nearly every day in a widespread syndicate of powerful newspapers by Mr. H. G. Wells's appealing idealism and exhilarating rhetoric—that politicians are embarrassed and afraid, and nervously send out warnings against the indulgence of "undue hopes." Yet, in spite of all this, I find a large number of intelligent, influential, and well-informed Americans who regard war with Japan as a foregone conclusion. They do not ask: "Will it come?" they ask: "When will it start?"

This, no doubt, seems a mad and wicked delusion, yet I know professors and publicists who have spent recent months in the East, and who report that all Asia is to-day full of inflammable material which only needs a carelessly dropped spark to start into an uncontrollable blaze. They are warning the American public that in any outbreak of organized butchery in the East it is by no means certain that China would be friendly to the white race. It is true that Japan has foolishly alienated China, whose support would give her irresistible power; but Japan is too clever to perpetuate an expensive blunder. Indeed, from every point of view, I venture to suggest that the crux of the whole situation is China. The acid test of the Washington Conference is: What will it do about China? When we remember that the white man has forcibly seized the greater part of the world, we cannot wonder that Japan, tired of this greedy aggression, is inclined to resist the exploitation of Eastern Asia by the white races.

Surely, the shameless game of grab in China has gone on long enough. The dismemberment of China went on, until, in 1900, the Chinaman, doubting whether his country was being carved up solely for his moral good and economic advancement, started the Boxer Rebellion. The Boxer leader offered this protest:—

"These foreigners, under pretext of trading and teaching Christianity, are, in reality, taking away the land, food, and clothing of the people; besides overturning the sages, they are poisoning us with opium and ruining us with debauchery. Since the time of Tao Kuang, they have seized our territory and cheated us out of our money; they have piled up the public debt as high as the hills, they have burnt our palaces and overthrown our tributary States, occupied Shanghai, devastated Formosa, forcibly opened Kiaochow, and now wish to divide up China like a melon."

The rebellion was forcibly crushed, and, with the exception of America and Japan, most of the Powers got away with the usual pickings. When the world was busy over the recent war Japan saw her chance, made new inroads on China's sovereignty, and Great Britain was prevented by its alliance with Japan from making any effective protest.

Now, I submit that this is the real problem of the Pacific. The simplest remedy would be for all the invading nations to clear out of China. A counsel of perfection, I know, and it will not happen. But it would be the honest and Christian policy; it would settle the problems of the Pacific, and would make possible a drastic reduction of naval armaments. In any case, let us at least stop exploiting and vivisecting China, and help to set her on her feet.

Dr. H. E. Fosdick, the greatest pulpit force in New York and a professor at Union Seminary, has recently returned from the East, and, as the result of prolonged investigation, he says there are just two ways out of the present perilous situation: "Either we will fight Japan to see who will control the exploitation of Eastern Asia, or else we will all repent together of a mad policy of international selfishness in which, West and East alike, we have been playing the same piratical game. Are the Western nations

ready to take that second attitude? If they are not, the Conference on Disarmament may as well meet and pass a motion to adjourn." Dr. Fosdick sees that economic imperialism, the desire to exploit the resources of Eastern Asia, is at the root of all the contentions of the Pacific. He sees that war between America and Japan would be a sordid struggle, unrelieved by any redeeming motives. "There is," he says, "no real question of national glory to further, or national honor to defend; the problem is all about oil wells, and coal mines, and iron deposits. Our sons gallantly marching out to fight Japan's sons in a war to decide whose capitalists shall control the economic exploitation of Eastern Asia—if that picture of the meaning of the threatened war could once clearly capture the imagination of the American people, one suspects that they would not so lightheartedly discuss it, nor so willingly break their financial backs to pay the price of preparation."

New York.

November 9th, 1921.

F. A. A.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE SUCCESSION STATES.

SIR.—Those who were most eager for the break up of the Austrian Empire seem to-day to be the first to pick holes in the condition of the Succession States which they helped to create. But even those who doubted whether the downfall of the "ramshackle Empire" was worth its cost may surely find some grounds for satisfaction, to weigh against the economic injury caused by the division of a free-trade area. That, at least, is the position in which I find myself after a recent visit to Yugo-Slavia and Czechoslovakia.

Travellers can easily see the defects, in particular those which affect themselves—the multiplication of frontiers and passports, and the increased activity of Customs officers. The new officials are obviously inexperienced, and, in many cases, more corrupt than the former officials of the Empire. Some of the latter, having refrained under the Empire from abusing their high positions and making a fortune, are now giving proof of their life-long integrity by an honorable poverty. It is easy, again, to see that the new States are disunited and their existence precarious. Such results are natural when the task of holding together peoples of divergent type, which tested even the powers of the orderly German, is thrown upon a race which shines in other directions than that of order, and among whom it is a saying that where you have two Slavs, there you have four political parties.

Among the results of the great experiment in "Balkanization," the presence of three million malcontent Germans in Czechoslovakia constitutes a serious menace, and more serious is the refusal of the representatives of four million Croats to take any part in the government of Yugo-Slavia. In the most educated section of the Yugo-Slav State, all parties, including those most hostile to each other, unite to boycott the capital. The most backward part of the country rules by imposing Serbian police upon Croat villages, and by preventing even a peasant from travelling from one district to another without a passport. Disorder and death have already resulted, and only the fortuitous pacifism of the peasant leader, M. Stephan Radic, has prevented widespread bloodshed.

But we must not too soon despair of an edifice built at such cost as the policy of *Delenda Austria* incurred, and the items which may be placed on the credit side should not be forgotten. Among them we must count, for instance:—

1. The malcontent minorities, great as they are, were greater before the war.

2. There is in the Little Entente the possibility of a free-trade area even larger than the old Empire, for the Entente is already, through M. Benes, offering a degree of friendship to Vienna, and if, in the course of time, a Zollverein should evolve, it would include areas which were formerly separate fiscal entities, viz., Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro.

3. The war is leading to the separation of Church and State, which, for those concerned for the real interests of religion and morals, cannot but be to the good.

4. It is a great gain that nations like the Czechs and the Poles have secured a place in the sun and a chance to develop national culture.

5. There is a vast diminution of purely military exploitation with all its ugly concomitants, such as are now seen in the area occupied by France on the Rhine.

6. An advance has been made towards the unity of the Southern Slavs. Forgotten hopes of fifty years ago, according to which Serbs and Bulgarians would form one liberated State when the Turkish frontiers were removed southwards, may yet be realized through the union of Serbs with Croats and Slovenes, who favor the inclusion of Bulgaria; and in this prospect lies the most vital element of progress, because the subjection of one-third of the Bulgarian people to alien domination constitutes one of the chief dangers to East European peace.

7. There are not wanting signs that the supremacy of nationalistic hatred, which has been the curse of Eastern Europe, may begin to fade. The bitter spirit of Nationalism, which was utilized to support the policy adopted by the Paris Conference, is bound to yield in time to the agrarianism and Socialism which the war has encouraged. Finally, the return of vast numbers of immigrants from the United States has combined to produce here and there some approach to the cosmopolitan feeling which the citizens of the various nations have enjoyed in America.

The widening of ideas has accompanied the break up of old traditions. In Transylvania the Roumanians have officially blessed the opening of a Magyar theatre. In Yugo-Slavia M. Protic is advocating devolution. Perhaps the happiest spectacle that may be met with in Eastern Europe to-day is to be found in such an institution as the Students' Club at Prague, founded by American money, in which the students of fourteen nations, to the number of over three thousand, and including the representatives of the States most violently at enmity, are to be found as entirely oblivious of national differences as if they were at Chicago.

—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

12, Rutland Gate.

OUR POLITICAL POLICE.

SIR.—May an American congratulate you on the termination of your Political Police, without indelicate intrusion in your domestic affairs? I am tempted to do so because your experience has strangely equalled ours, and the reasons given in your leader of November 12th for condemning such a department as your late Political Police are as applicable to some of our own post-war experiences as to yours. One is justified in saying that the temper of intolerance and espionage, as well as many of their actual official manifestations, are also abating in the States.—Yours, &c.,

F. F.

Boston.

Poetry.

THE DARK MAN.

SURE all the bells in Heaven
Pealed out a merry din,
When to the Wondrous Vision
The Dark Man entered in:
The King of the Blind Country
And his dark folk have seen.

Sang all the bells of Heaven
Like flocks of birds in flight:
The King of the Blind Country
Hath come to the New Sight;
The spittle on his eye-balls
Hath washed the darkness white.

Clashed all the bells of Heaven,
And shook the towers with glee;
The Giver of Light hath beckoned:
Come and sit down by Me!
Thou Dark Man in Mine Image,
Who bad'st the blind to see.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

There can be no doubt that the financial sky is clearing. Old clouds, it is true, still hover about, and a new cloud has this week appeared over the horizon in the shape of Indian apprehensions. But the blue sky is expanding. Sinn Fein's acceptance of the Irish settlement and the signature of the Four Powers Pacific Agreement are great events, financially as well as politically. The former rolls away one of the chief obstacles to effective Anglo-American co-operation. The latter sets a hall-mark upon the prestige of the Washington Conference and makes it the more certain that in other vital matters the early promise of that assembly will be converted into signal achievement. It is becoming likely now that another international financial conference will be held before long. If so, it will be face to face with opportunities which have been denied to previous meetings. Even the eternal reparations problem may quite possibly be in a fair way to practical settlement before such a conference can assemble. For without doubt Mr. Lloyd George has, if he likes to use them, some enticing proposals with which to woo M. Briand and persuade French opinion into acceptance of the views of British experts on reparation matters. The financial markets have certainly paid more attention of late to the blue sky than to the clouds. The rapid climb of sterling exchange in New York is attributable almost entirely to rosier views of the world financial outlook. The gilt-edged market has been developing fresh strength, and a certain liveliness is visible in markets long neglected. The slight reaction which set in on Tuesday was due to the news of the huge new Indian Loan. But there was a vigorous revival yesterday, partly on the strange hopes of a Bank Rate reduction to-day, which, however, did not take place. It is the opinion of some shrewd observers that, if the old system of fortnightly settlements and contango were now in force, the past week or two would have seen a spectacular rush of business to the Stock Exchange.

REPARATION DIFFICULTIES.

The mark, and German stocks with it, appreciated strongly on Monday, some reaction following on profit-taking and a lapse of optimism. An American newspaper has printed from its London correspondent the following forecast of the offer which Mr. Lloyd George will make to the French Premier (see "Times," December 12th): "(1) Britain proposes to revise the financial accord of Paris signed on August 13th, which bars France from participation in the billion gold francs (£40,000,000) already paid into the Reparation Commission's strong box by Germany. The revision will give France a large share of the first payment. (2) Britain proposes to recognize more fully than ever the priority of France's claims to reparations for the reconstruction of the devastated regions. (3) Britain will accept as payment in full for the French war debt the German bonds already issued under the London plan of reparation payments, or, if and when this plan is revised, will accept the German bonds which may be issued under the new plan." The forecast may or may not be well founded. The obvious comment is that the proposals might be made even more attractive by offering at once to cancel France's debt to us in return for French acquiescence in the limitation of reparation demands to practical limits. The great difficulty is that the measurement of a country's capacity to pay indemnities is not an exact science, nor is it possible to be dogmatic about the capacity of the receiving countries to receive without dislocation and damage. The task of the Allied financial authorities really amounts to this: They have (1) to decide (or hazard a guess at) how much Germany can pay to the Allies without causing to the Allies, directly and indirectly, immediately and in the long run, more harm than benefit. (2) To devise the most innocuous machinery for payment. The man in the street, and, in fact, all but a few experts, possess on the reparations problem a small knowledge which is more dangerous than complete ignorance. But while the intricate negotiations are going on, one cannot do better than bear in mind three main points: (1) France's great need of ready money. (2) That, however

much British industry may be embarrassed by reparations, this country cannot, for overwhelming political reasons, renounce its interest in a share of control over the negotiations. (3) That in any settlement German goodwill is necessary, for a deliberately hostile Germany could completely frustrate Allied plans. I hear that Herr Rathenau showed much interest in the recent memorandum of the Federation of British Industries, but did not take a favorable view of the amount of money that could be provided by the methods proposed in that document, even were such methods acceptable.

NOVEMBER TRADE.

The November trade figures show a faint increase in exports over October, but a substantial rise of £4½ millions in imports. The import excess last month at £16½ millions was £4½ millions larger than in November, 1920. For the first eleven months of the present year the excess of imports over total exports has been just under £260 millions, or an average of a little more than £23½ millions a month. Invisible exports, especially in the form of the earnings of merchant shipping, have, of course, declined severely during the great trade depression. But there would appear to be reason to suppose that their value has been sufficient to cover the adverse balance shown by the published merchandise figures and to leave something to spare. Coal exports were a trifle larger in quantity than in October, but the export demand for the mineral is still slow.

POINTS IN NATIONAL FINANCE.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced a concession with regard to the payment of arrears of Excess Profits Duty, which will bring a measure of relief to a number of companies. He proposes to allow E.P.D. payments still outstanding to be spread over the next five years. In so far as the concession relieves the embarrassment of industrial concerns and encourages trade, the concession is welcome. But the concession adds yet another reason to those which I adduced last week, why revenue prospects next year are unlikely to allow the Treasury to make any substantial reduction in Income Tax. The revenue return issued on Tuesday night was a favorable one, revealing a reduction of £16½ millions in the floating debt. This reduction was made possible chiefly by the excellent level that is being maintained by subscriptions to 5½ per cent. Treasury Bonds. Sales of these Bonds brought in £15½ millions in the week ending December 10th.

INDIAN LOAN: COMPANY REPORTS.

The Government of India offers for subscription £10,000,000 of 5½ per cent. stock at 93½, repayable in 1932. The yield offered, allowing for profit on redemption, is just under 6½ per cent. as against the 7 per cent. offered on the India loan floated last April. One may assume that since the proceeds are to be employed for railway purposes, a considerable proportion will be spent in this country. It is a trustee stock, the attraction of which depends on the view taken of the Indian political outlook. In spite of scare cables from India the Loan has made a good start.

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company's report, issued yesterday, is of interest alike to shareholders and to taxpayers, for the Government, as I pointed out the other day, has invested over £5 millions in the concern. The accounts reveal a large expansion of operations, and a jump in profits from £2,611,000 to £4,028,000 in the year ended March 31st last. The ordinary dividend is maintained at 20 per cent. on a larger capital, and the carry forward raised from £910,978 to £1,648,792.

Vickers Ltd. has, of course, had to face not only the ordinary factors tending to make bad trade, but also the severe curtailment of armament orders. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that in the year 1920, to which the new report refers, earnings were insufficient to admit of the payment of an ordinary dividend. Of the profit for 1920 of £541,000, the preference dividend absorbs £396,000, the remainder being added to the forward balance.

L. J. R.

THE ATHENÆUM



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The World of Books.

IN one of the docks of London two or three curious old sailing ships used to lie-up all the winter, and in the first week of each June set sail for the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company. Perhaps they do still. I have not visited them lately, for I cannot pretend to myself any longer that some day I shall voyage to Rupert's Land; so what would be the benefit of looking at those ships again? Yet how often in the past might I have been caught sneaking about them, when I ought to have been busy on matters more important! I used to dream of the West Indies, too, so long ago as that, and of Malaya, and the Congo; but the Arctic, I must confess, was a secret passion. I don't think there is a book of Arctic exploration in the Guildhall Library that a boy I once knew has not read. I kept secret this vice of his till recently, thinking that probably it proved he was not quite right; but some months ago, when telling me a little of his youth, a writer, who is a great man, casually confided to me that his first love, never consummated, was the H.B.C.

* * *

AND since then, another novelist (who has even attained to success in the picture palace), after making me envious with an account at lunch of his recent successes, suddenly lowered his voice, held his pipe away, and told me in a whisper that soon he hoped to be able to do something that had been at the back of his mind all his life. And what do you think it was? To loaf in Polynesia? To buy a yacht? To marry a duchess who was fair and divorced, and live at Monte Carlo? None of these things. The infatuated man wanted to make the overland journey from Lake Athabasca, down Back's River, to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. If you wish to know what the latter part of that journey might turn out to resemble, read the records of Captain Back, and Sir John Richardson, and of the explorers who went searching for Franklin. This confidence of so successful an author overcame me. How often have I traced that very journey on the map! Yes; and before ending this paragraph I got down the atlas to see whether the words, Canadian Barren Grounds, had a little left of their old allurement. The trouble is, I fear, that some of their enticement remains; one discovers that one is still childish. If ever I achieve a noticeable success in the "movie" world . . . !

It is evident, therefore, that though that misguided boy who used to spend too much time under what illusion of the Aurora Borealis the Guildhall Library afforded, may not have been altogether there, as the saying goes, yet the fact that he went to read travel narratives is not evidence in support; unless indeed the Arctic symptom present in the minds of others proves only that the affliction is fairly common. If that is so, then it is no worse than the Casino habit, looping the loop, angling in winter, mountaineering, and football competitions. And I think it is possible to prove that most men could be induced to look to the Arctic in a suspicious and inexcusable way. The test might be made with the latest book of exploration above the 66th parallel of latitude, "Greenland: By the Polar Sea," Knud Rasmussen's story of the Thule Expedition from Melville Bay to Cape Morris Jesup (Heinemann, 36s.). It has been translated from the Danish by Asta and Rowland Kenney.

* * *

It is a good book for winter leisure, and needs a nice fire. It will last a long time—there are 300 pages of it. The fire will certainly go out before one has finished. Its photographic reproductions are excellent; and some of its colored pictures—Inglefield Land, Flensing the Narwhal, and Esquimaux Graves—are of scenes so remote and austere that one turns from them to regard the comfortable flames long and reflectively. And then there is the map of the journey! It comprises a great region, yet there are but few names and markings upon it. But what names they are, and what stories they conjure from the past! Wolstenholme Island, Murchison Sound, Inglefield Land, Kane Basin, Ellesmere Land, Grinnell Land, Kennedy Channel, Polaris Bay, Hall Land, Beaumont Island, Lockwood Island—to read these names is to recall noble and tragic stories that have the virtue to allay the excitement of our current and pressing business in which to succeed assures us an easy and approved reward. For many of those names are the signs of failure, of forlorn hopes that perished, of men who went on in pursuit of a truth (which nobody really wanted) till they dropped, scribbled a note then which nobody was likely to get, to say how much of that truth they had found, and then froze.

* * *

RASMUSSEN's story is in their fine tradition. An account of a great journey that is so modest, so particular about the day's work and interest, and often so vivacious in its descriptions of the strange Northland, that a reader is apt to forget how inimical that region is, how far sundered from humanity. It is not till the last dog is eaten, and first one member of the expedition dies of privation and cold, and then another, that a reader begins to see how much depended on those artful and protracted hunts for hares and seals; and that those signs of musk-ox and reindeer which proved to be ancient were read as sentences of death by the travellers.

H. M. T.

An American Letter.

Now that the lecture season is at hand one looks around to discover what European celebrities the Bureaus have captured for the season 1921-22. So far, no outstanding personality has been announced. That Maximilian Harden is coming is rumored and denied. Strauss is coming, but Strauss, of course, is for the concert hall and not for the lecture platform.

It is curious how few European lecturers leave a good memory behind them—how few of them would meet with a response upon a return visit. I say this without reference to the distinguished lecturers who were here last year and the year before—G. K. Chesterton, Rabindranath Tagore, W. B. Yeats, and Lord Dunsany. In the short space of their visit, I think, they do not come to understand the terms on which they are received. Why do a thousand people in half a hundred cities come to hear me? the European lecturer asks himself. He either makes up his mind that what he has to say is tremendously important, or else that the American audience is ready to be uncritically appreciative of the European who has something to tell them. If he takes either point of view he misses the mark. The American audience does not like to be talked to by a person with a superiority complex, and it is not at all uncritically appreciative.

The first thing to understand about the public that the European lecturer comes into touch with is that it has an intellectual humility—I cannot believe that any other people have this rare and beautiful trait to anything like the same extent as the Americans have it. With their intellectual humility, however, there goes a real criticism: the women and men who go to hear the European celebrity in the mid-Western city with the outlandish name are excellent judges of what constitutes a lecture. They have heard a diversity of lecturers. The men know how to speak in the Chamber of Commerce and in the Rotary Club; the women know how to address their own busy and excellently run organizations. Such people know whether one can or cannot lecture, or whether one has or has not a lecture to give. They listen and they take in what is said—that is where their intellectual humility is evident, but they have made their judgments.

There is one thing, unfortunately, that is likely to make the American public unsympathetic to a European lecturer—that is the suggestion that he favors some cause not popular in the newspapers. Americans are timid about causes. Last year Rabindranath Tagore did not come anywhere near making the success that the memory of his previous visit should have helped to bring him. This was because he was supposed to advocate—not in public—Indian independence. Let not the Britisher suppose that this amounts to evidence of American friendship for the British Empire! If it had been suggested that Tagore advocated freedom for the Moors the suggestion would have had something of the same effect. Americans are instinctively against any sort of overturn. Their own state was founded on revolution and their own heroic memories go back to revolution, but they are the last people in the world to take kindly to the idea of political or social struggle.

Why this should be is often a puzzle to the foiled European revolutionary to whom Whitman addressed the poem. Why should a people so generous feel an actual resentment towards the bringers of change in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America? There are great interests, of course, that are able to direct a propaganda against articulate sympathizers with change, but the main reason is in the American mentality—Americans actually feel at home in a world of uniformity, of standardization, of orthodoxy.

And why the descendants of seekers for new things should give consecration to orthodoxy is brilliantly explained in one of the most exciting biographies that have been written, in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," by Van Wyck Brooks. American civilization is, broadly speaking, the civilization of the pioneer. The pioneer, face to face with the wilderness, has to have confidence in his ideal, has to have a sense of solidarity around him. Everyone has to conform, everyone has to accept, the ideal and the

conditions of its active pursuit. Pioneering until our own time was the great fact in American life. Even now there lives on the resentment of the pioneer against those who would break his most cherished law—conformity. Hence in America one sees timidity even on the part of otherwise brave people about challenging anything that has been accepted or established.

For Americans conformity, uniformity, standardization, become difficult to question. One travels thousands of miles without meeting a frontier, without striking a difference in costume or language. One sees the same advertisements for Arrow collars in Los Angeles by the Pacific and in Coney Island by the Atlantic Ocean. One reads the same newspaper in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and San Francisco. The Movie that one has seen in California travels East with one. Standardization in clothes and appearance is encouraged, and such standardization passes into thought and idea.

But this standardization is now being attacked in American letters. The most widely selling of the latter-day novels, "Main Street," has for its thesis the deadening effect of it all. The title of the book is admirable; it at once suggests the thousand small towns from the Ohio River to the North-West Pacific that reproduce, as a city-building machine might reproduce them, the cinema, the bank, the drug store, the insurance office—Main Street. The life in the Main Street of Sinclair Lewis's novel is deadening. But I am bound to say that it is not more deadening than the life of the Main Street of a British small town—I am thinking now of the Irish Main Street shown in Brinsley Macnamara's "The Valley of the Squinting Windows," and the Scotch Main Street shown in "The House with the Green Shutters." Compared with the life in such places the life in Gopher Prairie is idyllic almost. There is no economic oppressiveness; there is no tyranny of the family; there is no depression as from generations of hopeless failure. People own their houses and own their land; they "boost" unconsciously, but this "boosting" is a symptom of faith and hope. They have fur coats and automobiles. The human spirit, certainly, demands more than these things. But the human spirit is just as stinted in the Gopher Prairies of the British Islands.

"Main Street" dramatizes for the half million what two notable young American critics have been writing for the elect—Van Wyck Brooks in "Letters and Leadership," and Waldo Frank in "Our America"—the thesis that all this organization for the purpose of uniformity is repressive. These three books of criticism should be read by all who would understand what values the freest of the American intellectuals have in mind. In "Letters and Leadership" and in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" there is the first announcement of a fact that is bound to change the whole mental atmosphere of America—the fact that the frontier no longer exists, that, in our time, the pioneer has ceased to be abroad in the land.

The last territory has been opened, the last grant of free land has been made—that, and not the war that America fought two thousand miles from home, is the salient fact for this generation. The frontier exists no more—that means that the young man, instead of going West, will come back East; it means that the American scene will be surveyed with critical eyes; it means that the values of the pioneer, including the pioneer's religion, will be questioned.

May we reckon as an indication of all this the decline of interest in the philosophy of instrumentalism—the philosophy that William James and John Dewey expounded in so effective a way? All the young men were being brought up upon Pragmatism; they were encouraged to renounce the Absolute and take up the task of liberating the world through the use of instruments at their hands—the university, commerce, business organizations. Well, Pragmatism is somewhat at a discount now. It may be that the war, with its gigantic and ruthless use of instruments, brought about the disillusionment. It was the young intellectuals who were brought up upon Pragmatism who, according to their own saying, "willed the war" for America. During the war preparations this group of intellectuals and Professor Dewey himself were subjected to a searching criticism by one of the half-dozen critical intelligences in America—young Randolph Bourne, whose early death left a gap that has not yet been filled.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Reviews.

THE FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

The Secret Victory. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.)

The Confession of Ursula Trent. By W. L. GEORGE. (Chapman & Hall. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE Fashionable Novel—it is an ambiguous phrase. It may mean the novel of fashion, or the novel in fashion. But nowadays it can safely mean both; for the novel of fashion is the novel in fashion. These are two samples of it made by experts.

In themselves they are—to our mind—uninteresting. It has cost us a great effort of will to read them, and in order to maintain our will at the sticking point we have been compelled to rely on an impulse of curiosity concerning a literary *genre* which has, in the last dozen years, become a prodigious social phenomenon.

It is true that, thirty or forty years ago, there was a novel of fashion also. It dealt, in a sugary, sentimental way, with the love affairs of members of the peerage; it told how Lord Ivo Strathbogie eventually married, or failed to marry, the greengrocer's daughter. There was a romantic background of baronial halls (frankly called "baronial halls") and deer parks. Neither the novelist nor his readers cared whether the descriptions in the least resembled the models; neither knew very much about them. They were written by unknown hacks for the consumption of housemaids. Therefore they were seldom published as books. The people who read them could not afford to buy books, or to belong to the circulating libraries. The tales appeared in papers like the "Family Herald," or, less frequently, as sixpenny novelettes.

Meanwhile, the three-volume novel at a guinea and a half, which was, up to twenty-five years ago, the only novel, flourished apart. It was often stupid; it was often written frankly to amuse: but it had a certain dignity corresponding to its format; it had a morality, and, in exceptional cases, it had genius. No doubt there were lords and ladies to be found in it occasionally; but it was separated by a gulf from its poor relation. We cannot generalize about the old three-decker, and luckily there is no need to do so. The point is that the novel in fashion in those days had to be sought among the three-deckers. The supply of reading matter for the servants' area was another affair. In other words, the novel of fashion and the novel in fashion were distinct.

Since we are embarked on historical inquiry, we must pick up a third thread. Ever since the novel began, some of its greatest triumphs have been won in depicting high, or approximately high, life. It can be persuasively argued that the novel of psychological analysis depends for its verisimilitude on a social setting in which the characters are relieved from the urgent necessity of earning their daily bread. Jane Austen's novels would not be possible except in a society composed of gentlemen with elegant independences and their daughters. Fabrice's love for Clélia Conti, in the "Chartreuse de Parme," could not fully expand except in a world free to devote itself to the ardors of love. Meredith could not have put "The Egoist" in a group of tradesmen, nor Henry James "The Spoils of Poynton" among a society of miners. There is a kind of necessity which compels the novelist interested in the subtleties of psychology to give his characters the opportunity for the cultivation of their souls. M. Paul Bourget was perhaps the first to enunciate this apparent necessity as a law.

Let us now return to the servants' area and the three-decker. About twenty-five years ago, enterprising publishers woke to the fact that there had arisen an immense intermediate public between the readers of the "Family Herald" and the novelette, and the subscribers to the expensive circulating libraries. The six-shilling novel began. The change of format and price did not at first make any great difference to the average quality of the three-decker; but very soon one or two authors—one at least by calculation, others probably by accident—took advantage of the immense new field that had been opened. They began to supply a slightly superior brand of the fashionable novelette. With

the reduction in the price of the novel, the servants' area, the shop-girl, the lower middle-class matron, could afford to join libraries of their own, where they paid twopence a volume. At the same time that the "Daily Mail" began publication, the immense reputations of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli were made. The lower middle class displayed its class-consciousness chiefly in buying them.

That was the first phase in the unification of the area-novelette and the novel. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli were succeeded by Charles Garvice (who, we believe, began by composing "Family Herald" supplements at a prodigious speed) and, still later, by Ethel M. Dell. The *genre* evolved persists; and the audience to which it appeals also persists. In fact, it is only by touching this audience that a novelist can make one of the larger literary fortunes. But the line between the lower and the upper middle class has always been shadowy: in the last twenty years it has become very vague indeed. Moreover, the rise of the popular newspaper, providing every day a pageful of social paragraphs concerning the more dubious or more pushing aristocracy, had altered the tinge of the novelette-reader's romanticism. A vague "baronial hall" was no longer enough for her; a summary description of Lady Fleurdeley's costume was insufficient. Lady Fleurdeley had become the mannequin for a *maison de modes*, in the sense that she allowed them to broadcast her picture in the newspapers with one of their latest creations on. The novelette audience, or rather a section of it, knew too much to be satisfied with the old sketchy *décor*.

Here was an opening. The novelist who was beginning about fifteen years ago had, of course, a supreme contempt for Hall Caine and Marie Corelli; but still, it would be pleasant to be as rich as they. Plenty of reputable novelists—indeed, some of the greatest—had deliberately employed aristocratic settings. Why should not they? Why not, indeed? They would give an intimate description of the aristocratic fairytale. They would allow their readers to move familiarly among clubs and country houses, handle the furniture, examine Lady Fleurdeley's lingerie. And they could do it all with the noblest of motives. They would touch the upper crust of the vast novelette audience, and they could still themselves appear without a blush in literary society.

We do not pretend that this later development was due to conscious calculation. Probably some of these novelists deceived themselves, and doubtless the first success in the new *genre* was unexpected. But novelists of a certain kind have a sixth sense to tell them which way the wind is blowing, and at the present time the veriest nincompoop of a beginner knows that if he wants to be really successful he must get the aristocracy into his book at all costs. Sex, of course, he knew already. Out of Aristocracy by Sex are bred all the winning horses to-day. Until lately a clear sight of the truth was obscured by the presence of a number of novelists of genius, who managed to touch the great public by their own creative vitality. The young tradesman-novelist who began soon after Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy were winning their great and deserved successes, was naturally a little bewildered. The game seemed a good deal more difficult than, thank Heaven, it really was. But now the mists have cleared away, and the situation is plain. Now, everybody should know that a quite safe £500 a year theme is "the old order changeth, giving place to new." The upper-class soul gives way to lower-class emotions; the aristocratic society to plutocratic irritations. Only in developing this theme the novice must be careful not to suggest that membership of the aristocracy is accompanied by any distinction of mind or refinement of sensibility. It must be purely a matter of motor-cars, and titles, and footmen. An occasional reference to the pride of the family is also desirable, on condition that no indication is given of there being anything for it to be proud about.

"Again we ask aloud:

Why in the name of glory were they proud?"

The question need not be answered. Most likely the novelist himself will not have a very clear idea of the things of which a civilized being is naturally proud. If there should be a danger, however, he has merely to write, "The Phipps-Kembers did not do these things," when the last scion of that illustrious house nobly refrains from doing something

which a Mile End Road shop-keeper would consider beneath his dignity.

Apart from these essentials, there remain only those of "smartness" and "sex." Smartness should not be difficult. An occasional walk in Duke Street or Bond Street to remember the names of the shops, and a fairly detailed knowledge of the routine of that exclusive club, the Palladium, will be sufficient. As for sex, the most important thing to remember is that a miscarriage enables you conveniently to allow your heroine all the adventures necessary to her process of liberation, and gives you—what is still more necessary—the tense expectation of the unwanted child, while permitting you to get her into the arms of the noble-minded hero without any distressing encumbrances.

Having now put the aspirant well on the road to paying super-tax, we return to the two specimens of the *genre* from which this disquisition began. They are worth study by the novice. They contain all the ingredients we have recommended as necessary: Mr. George gives the miscarriage to Ursula Trent (of Ciber Court, Basingalton), Mr. McKenna to Ivy Maitland, the daughter of the eminent judge, Sir Henry Maitland. But there are two admirable innovations. Mr. George pays unusual attention to the details of his heroine's dress; to an intelligent reader his book is the equivalent of a gift of a dozen free patterns. More originally still, he makes the man whom Ursula lives with the designer of frocks to the Maison Dromina. The opportunities afforded by this innovation are obvious; we have no doubt that the painstaking pupil will develop them. (We suggest that still more could be made of a designer of underclothes.)

Mr. McKenna has had the idea of a preface. Possibly that will not strike the novice as very original. But he must study the preface itself. It is a very pretty piece of work, indeed. Mr. McKenna begins by explaining, what no one would have guessed, that his intention has been to expose "the flamboyantly conscious egotism" of modern society:—

"Ninety-five per centum would seem a modest estimate for the proportion of the human race which, in one social division of England at the present time, is dying spiritually of acute egomania."

Mr. McKenna's chief character, Eric Lane, has a very violent attack of it. Luckily, the publishers diagnose the disease differently and call him "the noble-minded hero." Mr. McKenna goes on to defend himself against the criticisms of those who object to his carrying on characters from one book to another. "He offends in the consoling company of Balzac, Disraeli, and Thackeray among the dead, and of Galsworthy and Mackenzie among the living." Why leave out Mr. Walpole? Is his company not consoling? Finally, Mr. McKenna defends his addiction to "aristocrats":—

"In the opinion of some, they may win an added interest by the larger air of a more spacious life, and by the subtle discrimination of wider intellectual sympathies."

Mr. McKenna must make up his mind; he cannot have it both ways. Either his "aristocrats" are men and women of wider intellectual sympathies or they are moribund egomaniacs. They cannot be both. But it does not really matter. They are neither; they are nothing; they are nothingness itself; they can accept all attributes. But that does not alter the fact that an "Epistle Dedicatory," to explain what you have been doing, is a very useful ornament to the fashionable novel. Its readers love to imagine they are absorbing culture, as well as penetrating into high society. They are, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis would say, Veritable Tyros.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

ASIA AND AFRICA.

Days and Nights of Shikar. By Mrs. W. W. BAILLIE. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

Two Years in Kurdistan. By Capt. W. R. HAY. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 21s. net.)

Exploration of Air: Out of the World North of Nigeria. By Capt. ANGUS BUCHANAN, M.C. (Murray. 16s. net.)

Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East. By A. J. MACCALLUM SCOTT, M.P. (Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is the peculiar cant of big-game killers to claim a licence for their instincts on the ground that they are protecting

mankind and his produce from the predatory animal, while omitting to comment on the harmless beasts they slay just as readily. One is inclined to be little credulous about the prowess theory. The mechanical perfection and deadly accuracy of the modern rifle give so enormous an advantage to the biped over the quadruped that there is little or no risk attached to the hunting of the latter, and what accidents do occur are due to the carelessness or impatience of the hunter rather than to the skill and resource of the hunted. The savage was not always superior to the beast; he is so now at so heavy odds that the Age of Quadruped Mammals, which succeeded to the Age of Reptiles, is drawing to a sudden end, and the heroism of man will soon have nothing to exercise itself upon except little animals a few inches long. The great beasts, the wonder of the Quaternary epoch, are going for ever—how rapidly may be measured by reading Dr. W. T. Hornaday's "Our Vanishing Wild Life"; and though cupidity will doubtless find new channels for its activity when there are no more animals to destroy for trade, the problem of satisfying human pitlessness in peace-time is becoming, for the same reason, a pressing one. "Days and Nights of Shikar" is written by a woman, and we congratulate her on demonstrating so surely that the male of the species has no more a monopoly in the art of destruction than in any other field of human endeavor.

It is not Captain Hay's business to defend the administration of Mesopotamia; he acted as A.P.O. between 1918 and 1920 in the region of Upper Mesopotamia comprising the territory between the Greater and Lesser Zab, tributaries of the Tigris, and the hill-country to the north-west of the Lesser. He had to bear, not account for, the troubles of that administration, particularly the Sureli rising in the January of 1920—the great Arab rising of July in the same year, when large portions of the Basra-Baghdad railway were destroyed, occurring a long way out of his district. The actual incidents of the disturbances in the north between the Tigris and the Persian frontier, and the methods of coping with them, are described in detail and with a wealth of vivid description of the Kurdish, Arab, and Turkish personalities engaged in them. The first half of the book, however, which gives a very fair, scrupulous, and careful account of the Kurds, chiefly about Arbil, the Rawanduz Gorge, and the foothills of the great range dominating the Persian plateau, will be of more interest to the general reader. The Kurdish tribes are still a very primitive, pastoral, and agricultural people, more sedentary than nomadic, without political entity or racial coherence, and with a language which is a kind of Yorkshire dialect of Persian. They were Xenophon's Carduchi, and are presumed to be the descendants of the Aryan Medes. According to Captain Hay, they possess a dual personality—sober, thrifty, taciturn, puritanical farmers, despising the money-getting Jew and the volatile Arab, on the one side, and wild, rather murderous savages on the other. The author's attitude is both sympathetic and detached, and he gives an excellent picture of the country and its inhabitants.

The author of "Out of the World North of Nigeria" explored the little-known region of Air, between that country and the Sahara, to collect specimens of mammals and birds, particularly the fast-disappearing wild ostrich, for Lord Rothschild's collection. The last of the wild ostriches will doubtless find their way into various museums, though why a species which is already abundantly represented in museums (it is the ordinary *Struthio camelus camelus*) should not be preserved rather than hunted to final extinction, is known only to the spare-nothing-rare collector. Captain Buchanan's book is a very fair specimen of the collecting type. Though the district was new to zoologists, he literally gives us no information or description whatever of the fauna inhabiting it, confining his observations on it to lists of the specimens obtained, the species seen, and his methods of stalking them. Lord Rothschild has the satisfaction of inventing a still longer list of sub-species in the ridiculous and pedantic system of nomenclature now fashion-

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ECONOMY AND RUBBISH.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE one imperative principle we must all adopt to-day is economy; and we must adopt it politically, commercially, and individually.

The hard-hit, over-taxed public anxiously seeks the few loopholes of relief from the war-inflated prices of the necessities of life. Yet never, in the history of this country, has so much shoddy rubbish been foisted on the people.

The price of men's clothes is one of the vital problems. The minimum price for a lounge suit by Pope & Bradley is ten guineas (or 66 per cent. above the pre-war price for this quality), and it is utterly impossible to produce a properly made, well-tailored suit of first quality material under this figure. The net profit made by this House on these ten-guinea suits is the bare margin of a few shillings. Labour in the West End is up 100 per cent., and materials, linings, silks, etc., are now up considerably over double pre-war cost. It requires no mathematical genius to appreciate these figures. To yield a fair profit these ten-guinea suits should be charged at twelve guineas, which is the price charged elsewhere, and unless costs are reduced before long the price will have to be increased, for there is one policy on which this house is determined—it will not reduce quality and jeopardise the reputation it holds.

There are thousands of men to-day wearing lounge suits made by Pope & Bradley before 1914. A really well-made suit is an economical investment. The material does not wear out, and it always keeps its shape.

The costs of production have been studied to a fraction, and when suits are offered to the public at prices under those quoted here, it merely means that second-quality materials are used and stung together by second-class workmen.

The commercial fly in the ointment is that Pope & Bradley's productions last too long. They can be dated and appreciated like the good vintages of champagne. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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 & 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW WC
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Special pains are taken in manufacture, packing and distribution to ensure unvarying freshness. That is one of the reasons why Three Nuns leaves no residue of dust in the pouch.

KING'S HEAD

if you prefer a fuller flavour

Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only

Packets: 1-oz. 1/2, 2-oz. 2/4. Tins: 2-oz. 2/5, 4-oz. 4/8



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	10's	20's	50's	100's
MEDIUM	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
HAND MADE	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

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NO MORE LEAVES TO MAKE BREAD.

" . . . in his village of 50 families, ten adults die daily. They have eaten the cats and dogs and the rats, and now that there are no more leaves to make bread, they are simply dying."

Letter from a Worker in Russia.

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED NOW!

Gifts in kind,
 and clothing
 (new or partly
 worn), may be
 sent to the
 Warehouse, 5,
 New Street Hill,
 London, E.C.4.

Send your subscriptions,
 clearly earmarked
 Friends' Relief Com-
 mittee (for Russia), to
 Russian Famine Relief
 Fund (Room 9), Fish-
 mongers' Hall, London
 Bridge, London, E.C.4.

able, while the reader interested in genuine zoological problems and the animal life of a scantily explored region goes as begging as he came. Whether we are zoologists or common people, we do not feel that our knowledge of natural history is advanced by: "During the few weeks I remained camped near Farniso I collected 207 birds and eighty-three mammals, and also a quantity of butterflies and moths." That a few specimens of every known animal should exist in a *national* museum is reasonable enough, but the process has been carried far beyond its legitimate limits until it has nearly converted zoology into necrology.

Mr. MacCallum Scott set forth to "divine the soul of this Debatable Land (Tunisia and Algeria). Mr. William Miller of Algiers has been most helpful." To judge whether he has succeeded in this spiritual quest, even with the assistance of Mr. William Miller, depends upon how we interpret the soul. What the author actually does is to give an impressionist sketch of the places he visited—Algiers, Cherchel (Cesarea), Tipasa, the ancient capital of Mauretania, Biskra, Carthage, Kairouan, &c.—interspersed with bits out of Roman history and half-descriptive, half-analytic notes on "Salammbô" and Hichens's "The Garden of Allah," and Mr. Belloc's "Esto Perpetua," whose plea for the Romanization of Western Europe and North Africa he criticizes with liveliness and ability. We are doubtful of not a few of his generalizations, and Carthage was originally a colony not of Tyre but of Sidon; but the author's historical excursions and deductions from them are sound as far as they go, though we could well do without the rhetorical flourishes—"the eternal type of noble womanhood (the statue of Arizat-Baal, a Phœnician priestess of the fourth century at Carthage) calling through the ages," "this great and gracious lady . . ." (Antony's Octavia), and others of their family. But it is a readable tourist book, and we were particularly pleased to see that Mr. Scott has discovered that Charlie Chaplin is a perfect specimen of the ancient Iberian stock which occupied the Mediterranean when it was an inland lake and colonized these islands centuries before the first Celtic invasions. The aboriginal Welsh, the Italians outside Lombardy and other Southern peoples, and the Berbers of North Africa are probably all descendants of this same race.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth. By FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN. (Lane. 18s.)

THAT Mr. Chamberlin should have spent a considerable part of his life in puzzling over the problem of the virginity or otherwise of Queen Elizabeth, and collecting the mass of very inconclusive evidence given at length in this book, is no more remarkable than that other men should spend their lives in collecting shells or seaweeds. As a hobby, it is beyond criticism. But that Mr. Chamberlin's book should be taken as a serious contribution to significant history by the critics employed by one responsible journal after another, gives food for somewhat cynical thought.

That Queen Elizabeth was a woman of quite exceptional mental capacity, and that her mind, both by deliberate training and by undeliberate circumstances, was developed almost to the highest point of its capacity, is beyond serious doubt or question. And the specimens of her letters written in early girlhood, together with the facsimiles of her handwriting reproduced in this book, interestingly confirm the opinion of Elizabeth's mental outfit generally held by people who have thought about the matter at all. But to demonstrate her ability at this time of day would be a work of redundancy, and, indeed, this demonstration occupies but a small part of Mr. Chamberlin's book, the greater part of which is devoted to proving, firstly that Queen Elizabeth was a chronic invalid, suffering from a succession of loathsome disorders, inherited, as our author would have us believe, from her free-living father; and, secondly, that throughout her life she never consummated the normal physiological

activities of womanhood. This latter may or may not be true; there is no conclusive evidence one way or the other, and in any case, what does it matter? Most people in her own day, who may be assumed to have had any first-hand ground for suspicion, do not seem to have believed that she acted differently from other women, placed in similar circumstances. But, of course, they may have been mistaken, just as Mr. Chamberlin may be mistaken. And again one can only say, what does it matter? The sole evidence available to us to-day is afforded by her various portraits, and they certainly lend support to the theory that the Queen was no sensualist, or, at any rate, that she would have had no difficulty in preserving her egoism at the expense of her passions. Mr. Chamberlin devotes hundreds of pages to this problem, quoting extensively from contemporary letters and diaries; but they all prove very little. And the problem, such as it is and trifling as it is, remains where it was. It is still difficult to rebut the little girl's summary, quoted in the introduction, "Queen Elizabeth was a very improper person; but by reason of great tact she succeeded in being called a Virgin Queen after she was dead." *Prima facie*, there is no particular reason, on hereditary grounds, why the child of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn should be supernaturally exempt from human frailties.

About half of Mr. Chamberlin's book is given to proving that Queen Elizabeth's life was one long history of serious disease; and the author would evidently wish us to take for granted that she was the victim of hereditary syphilis. Every second-hand account of her ailments available is quoted, and the persistent bleedings and other limited therapeutic measures which formed the futile stock-in-trade of the medical profession in England in Tudor times are narrated as though they had diagnostic significance. Of course, in those days people were bled for everything, even for anæmia, and for nothing at all; and all that this long story really proves is that Queen Elizabeth had decayed teeth, with pyorrhœa (probably common enough in those dirty days); that she had an attack of small-pox, which also was of nearly universal incidence; and that, possibly, she had an attack of acute nephritis, very likely following on an undiagnosed attack of scarlet fever. Anyway, the fact remains that she lived to be over seventy; that she took an active part in affairs, both mental and physical, up to the end of this long life; and that her illnesses very largely corresponded with political necessities. Even in recent times we have had an opportunity of observing how huge a decayed tooth can loom, when it happens to occur in the jaw of a prominent statesman at a moment when the avoidance of critical interviews is indicated.

The persistence of Mr. Chamberlin's convictions may be gauged by the fact that although he submitted all the evidence he had collected to certain distinguished physicians, including Sir Clifford Allbutt and the late Sir William Osler, for their comments and diagnosis; and although their reports, printed in this book, are to the effect that the records prove little beyond the fact that Queen Elizabeth had trouble with her teeth and was highly neurotic (a term which Mr. Chamberlin explains in a footnote as meaning having "diseased nerves"—which, of course, it doesn't mean at all), he complacently accepts their verdict as in favor of his theory.

The portraits and the reproductions of handwriting in the book are good and interesting, but it would be a mistake to treat the volume as a large contribution to history.

GIFT-BOOKS.

A NUMBER of gift-books have been sent to us since we gave a general survey of the season's publications (December 3rd). Among them is "Christmas: Pictures by Children," with an introduction by Edmund Dulac (Dent. 7s. 6d.). There are two excellent reasons why this book should not be overlooked. One is that its proceeds go to the "Save the Children Fund." The other is that it is worth the money, for it leaves a profit to the purchaser. It is necessary that all who teach art to children in this country should inspect this volume, to see what work is being done by the children

DOOMED TO DIE ON XMAS DAY

PITIFUL PLIGHT OF STARVING CHILDREN

Thousands Must Die Unless Help is Given Immediately

Every day countless children perish through hunger in the famine-stricken provinces of Russia. While we look towards Xmas as a time of good cheer and goodwill to all men, heart-broken little ones in the district of Saratov see nothing but death and desolation before them.

Some of these bairns are dying to-day—others will pass away to-morrow—many must even perish on Xmas Day. Ease their sufferings—calm their fears—reduce the number of certain deaths by giving your thank-offering for the birth of Christ to those who are in dire and immediate need.

Conditions too Awful to Describe!

Col. Herbert J. Mackie, who investigated the conditions of the Russian Famine on behalf of the Prime Minister of the Canadian Dominion Government, says :

"The state of matters in the famine area is absolutely indescribable. The sights one sees are so harrowing that the mind simply cannot convey what the eye has seen. Starvation is rampant and on every side here are dead and dying. The children, particularly under the age of 15, are suffering intensely. I have no doubt whatever that many hundreds of children whom I saw three weeks ago are to-day dead, and relief given even now will be too late to save many thousands of children."

Col. Mackie speaks from actual first-hand knowledge, and his experiences have their counterpart in the recent cables from Sir Philip Gibbs.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS, the brilliant, world-renowned and honoured journalist, recently visited the Famine areas. The following extracts are from his series of harrowing but enlightening articles now appearing in the "Daily Chronicle."

... It is winter that has come, and under this first snowfall are buried the last hopes of many millions of people.

... In Samara and Saratoff and Simoisk and Kazan and hundreds of other places, children are left by parents who cannot feed them any more. In the Ufa district there are 22,000 abandoned children: in the Samara district, 28,000: and most of them are picked up with but a few rags about them and as starved as birds who fall from the nest to the frozen ground.



Kindly spare a thought for the suffering little ones in the famine areas of Russia. They are perishing every day for the Want of Food. They are suffering the untold agonies of hunger and exposure to the terrible Russian Winter. Won't you spare them something? Send TO-DAY. Delay means suffering and deaths which might have been saved.

Three-halfpence Feeds a Child!

At a total cost of 1½d. the Save the Children Fund provides a starving child with a bowl of steaming Cocoa, with milk and sugar, a substantial plate of rice or beans, with lard and a "hunk" of bread. Nothing fancy, but a simple, sufficient meal that is a Godsend to starving children; 1/- provides such a meal each day for seven days and also covers all working expenses. Was ever charity dispensed more economically and efficiently?

Our enormous and remarkable organisation is fully at work in one of the blackest famine areas, Saratov, and we have undertaken to feed 250,000 children, relying upon the kind gifts of great-hearted Britons to be able to do so.

Will Your Table Groan under the Weight of Good Fare?

Will you romp with bonny children and let them taste the joys of Christmas-tide? Will your walls echo merry laughter and peals of joy? Will you feast and enjoy yourself? Surely you will find a corner in your heart for those who appeal to you for mercy.

Do not let the Festive Season be Overcast by the Shadow of "What You Might Have Done."

While you sit at your table this Christmas-tide little children in Russia will be passing beyond the border—going to meet Him whose birth you celebrate.

How great a thing it is to save a life! How wonderful a joy it is to know that some poor bairn has been saved from death this Xmas by your prompt action!

Shall children languish and perish while we play and be merry? Shall they suffer while we indulge in seasonable luxuries? Shall they die because we delay and neglect? These are self-questions which alone you can answer! Let your answer be that of up and doing—let your help be the best of your ability—do not procrastinate—FOR DELAY IS FATAL.

"The Save the Children Fund and the Russian Famine Relief Fund wish it to be understood that they operate in different parts of the famine area and neither compete nor over-lap in the distribution of relief. Unfortunately there is only too much room for both."

MY XMAS GIFT TO "SAVE THE CHILDREN" FUND.

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916.)

PATRONS: His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster; His Grace the Archbishop of Wales; The Very Rev. the Chief Rabbi; The Most Noble Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, K.G.; The Rev. R. C. Gillie.

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Address
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who attend Professor Cicek's classes at the Vienna Industrial Art School. The Professor has a method of his own. He does not teach the children. He overlooks them and encourages them. They are advised to paint what they feel. The lithographs in this volume are examples of the remarkable result. Here is certainly a beautiful book.

"The Exploits of Macbeth" have been drawn by a little girl, Eileen Watson (Palmer. 3s. 6d.), and they are funny enough to suggest grown-up assistance, only we remember the precocious literary humor of the "Young Visitors," and have learned that this kind of thing may come by good luck. "Pirates" (Jonathan Cape. 6s.) is a reprint of a once popular account of men like Teach, Avery, Spriggs, Lowe, Gow, England, and Kid. It has some gay illustrations by Lovat Fraser, including a two-masted schooner with square sails on the mainmast. For the young, we notice "Chickabiddy Stories," by Edmund Mitchell (Wells Gardner. 5s.), and "What Happened Then?" by W. M. Letts (Wells Gardner. 7s. 6d.); "Children of Other Times," Book III. (Collins), stories of great heroes such as Henry the Navigator, the writer of "Gulliver's Travels," Henry Hudson, Wordsworth, and Michelangelo; two simple illustrated travel books, "Happy Homes in Foreign Lands" and "How the World Travels," both by A. A. Methley, F.R.G.S. (Wells Gardner. 2s. each); and "Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age," written and illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell (Batsford. 5s.), an easy and interesting account of Palæolithic man.

Foreign Literature.

A GERMAN SATIRIST.

Europa. By CARL STERNHEIM. Two volumes. (Munich: Kurt Wolff.)

Berlin, oder "juste Milieu." By CARL STERNHEIM. (Munich: Kurt Wolff.)

Der Snob. A Comedy. By CARL STERNHEIM. (Munich: Kurt Wolff.)

Der entfesselte Zeitgenosse. A Comedy. By CARL STERNHEIM. (Munich: Kurt Wolff.)

Die Marquise von Arcis. A Play in Five Acts. By CARL STERNHEIM. (Munich: Kurt Wolff.)

Napoleon. A Tale. By CARL STERNHEIM. (Munich: Kurt Wolff.)

Fairfax. By CARL STERNHEIM. (Berlin: Rowohlt.)

GERMAN literature has not, on the whole, been very successful in the department of satire. From the seventeenth-century writers Andreas Gryphius and Grimmelshausen, the latter the author of "Simplicissimus"—which was, after all, satirical only by accident—from these two forerunners, without immediate followers, to the days of Heine there was no satirist of importance. Political conditions, the oppression of Napoleon, the tyranny of Metternich, the developments leading up to the 1830 and 1848 revolutions—these, of course, produced their reaction. Political pamphleteers sprang up on such occasions like dragon's teeth, and some of them, such as the poets Freiligrath, Anastasius Grün, Georg Herwegh, showed a certain genius for irony and satire of the denunciatory sort. In fiction there was, too, Friedrich von Spielhagen's novel, "Problematische NATUREN," whose motive was a critical, slightly ironical analysis of the spirit of the years preceding 1848. But consistent, "generalized" satire, as it may be called—satire which had no particular reference to current events and set before itself something more than a limited political aim—this was of extreme rarity. There was certainly no German Swift, by which is meant not only that there was no writer of the degree of Swift's genius, but that there was no one with exactly the Swiftian temper.

Since Heine, moreover, this strain of universal satire has not been of frequent occurrence. Too often the irony of German writers has started out from a mere temporary reaction against some passing phase of social life, and how easily imaginative work built up on such a foundation can become old-fashioned and pass into sheer romanticism may

be seen in the work of Sudermann, whose drama against dueling, "Ehre," and his play of the emancipated young lady, "Die Heimat," played in the English-speaking world under the title of "Magda," are to-day almost as out of date as the bound-up files of the "Kölnische Zeitung" in a library, and of little more account to the student of pure literature. An analytical criticism of the works of Schnitzler, Frank Wedekind, Josef Ruederer, Ludwig Thoma—who died in August last—among the dramatists, of Heinrich Mann and Gustav Meyrink among the novelists, of Christian Morgenstern and of Arno Holz in his early lyrics among the poets, might discover a deeper, more "timeless" element; but of them all only Schnitzler really passes the test of translation with distinction. Is it that in the average German writer's mind there is something too subjective, some kind of national restraint, which either prevents satirical expression altogether or, if he attempt it, condemns him to the fatal limit of date and event—that risk all satirists have to run? Is it that, in Germany at least, the racial detachment of a Heine, a Schnitzler, is required, some fundamental and not superficial or sentimental cosmopolitanism, to arrive at a genuine satire, "unlocal" in subject and really penetrating in style?

This is the kind of question which occurs to one's mind after a reading of the work of Germany's newest satirist, Carl Sternheim. Apart from a verse-tragedy, "Don Juan," and a social drama, "1913," Sternheim's works were all but unknown before the war. The critic might fairly remark that it seems to have needed that stupendous event and a certain aloofness, a half-cynical analysis of its causes and results, to produce the greater part of his subsequent writing. Technically there is little original. Except in the long novel "Europa"—we shall presently attempt to uphold our contention that here a really new formula has been discovered and successfully applied—the devices are the age-old devices of satire. But they are exploited with uncommon skill. In "Napoleon," for example, a short story extracted from a series, we have the plan of comparing unequals. The hero of Sternheim's narration is a successful Paris waiter, who rises to be an ultra-fashionable restaurant proprietor until the time of the Commune. He survives this, however, and, unlike his real namesake, returns undefeated to his native Waterloo. The lack of resemblance in all points of detail between Napoleon the world-conqueror and Napoleon the waiter relieves the monotony we should otherwise feel. But the tale as a whole is a delicate satire on the vanity of human kind.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

"A cat may look at a king," and a waiter may enjoy—whether on a smaller scale or not Sternheim does not allow us to stop and inquire—as notable a triumph as a soldier of genius.

Human pretensions, the finery with which fallen human nature, whatever its station, attempts in all ages to veil its shame—these are the constant butt of the satirist; and Sternheim has more than once pointed the finger of mockery at the naked ugliness beneath. Or perhaps, since it is two of his dramas we have in mind, we should use a less direct expression, and say rather that he has jerked the head at this universal weakness, not definitely scorned it. In "Der Snob" he teaches us to despise the snobbery of the *parvenu* capitalist, Christian Maske, who aspires to, and at length succeeds in winning, the hand of Marianne, the well-born daughter of Graf Aloysius Palen. Properly the comedy should be called "The Snobs," since, although Christian's is the character sketched with the greater detail, the final scene depicts him leading Marianne, after their marriage, to understand that he was really the bastard son of a Vicomte. It is the one touch wanting to her happiness. In "Die Marquise von Arcis," a play based on Diderot's story "Madame de la Pommeraye," it is the man who is deceived. The Marquis of Arcis's lover, the Marquise of Pommeraye, is determined to avenge herself for his coldness and unfaithfulness. With this purpose she presses into her service Madame Hortense Duquenoy and her daughter Henriette, who is beautiful but of very light character. The plot succeeds—the Marquis is deluded into marrying Henriette, and is then told the truth about her. But the result is unexpected. Henriette confesses that she really is passionately in love with the Marquis, and the latter—a

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little, it is impossible not to see, under the influence of this flattery—discover that he returns the compliment.

But it is evident that the drama is not really the mould into which Sternheim's satire ought to be cast. Character expressed through action does not so much accord with the direction of his talent as character developed through discourse. And the plays seem to us to be too discursive to be successes on the stage, interesting though they may be to read. The conversation does not lead up to the *dénouement*, it merely delays it, and the spectator may be expected to develop an impatience the reader will not feel. Diderot's story, for example, would have been far better left as a story, and, had the French writer not anticipated him, one could imagine Sternheim doing very well with a narrative on the same theme. But it is perhaps the play "Der entfesselt Zeitgenosse" which best shows Sternheim's inclination away from the dramatic form. A very rich, modern young lady, Klara Cassati, is sought in marriage by several suitors—an admiral, a diplomat, a politician, and other types. Finally it is the "entfesselt Zeitgenosse," the young man "without bonds," Klette, who, though not a swimmer, jumps overboard and rescues Klara, and thus wins the prize. This at the end of a mass of dialogue in which modern civilization, as personified in the young lady and her various wooers, is expounded and criticized. It can hardly be very inspiring on the stage.

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Spartacist leaders; and the book ends with her unquenchable father meditating on the question whether it might not be a good business move to follow her and exploit the Russian market. In Sternheim Western civilization has found its satirist, just as in Spengler it has found—or thinks it has found—its prophet of doom.

From the Publishers' Table.

A COLLECTION of "Wiltshire Essays" by Mr. Maurice Hewlett is among Mr. Milford's newest announcements; as also "The Problem of Style," a volume by Mr. J. Middleton Murry compassing six lectures delivered by him earlier this year at Oxford. Volumes on Keats, Johnson, and Cobbett are to be added to the Clarendon English Series.

WHAT is to be the future of football reporting? We notice a new influence at work, by such tokens as this: "It was a fast and enjoyable game, all the same. Just as the red, white, and blue of the team colors showed cheerfully against the green of the ground, that gets more sober as the winter comes, so were we always expecting some gem-like flame to shoot across the steady workmanship with colored lights." A rhapsody perhaps inspired by the raucous "Set 'em alight" of those spectators that get not more sober in any winter.

AMUSING inscriptions by Mr. H. G. Wells occur in a number of his first editions from the library of the late H. B. Marriott-Watson, sold at Hodgson's on Wednesday. In "The Passionate Friends" was written, "Nothing but death will stop our pens"; in "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," "For wars may come, and wars may go, But I write on for ever." But he writes no more "Tono-Bungays" now.

NUMEROUS book catalogues have reached us lately: two from Messrs. Quaritch, which we defer; Messrs. Dobell's December list, where is recorded the album given by Monclar to Browning, and used by him for portraits, sketches, and *varia*; Messrs. Heffer's, a clearance list; a similar list from Messrs. Blackwell, of the sort that wanders everywhere; and one of seasonal content from Messrs. Holland, of Birmingham. Especially intriguing is the collection of Mr. John Grant, of Edinburgh. Music familiar and rare, books in the fine arts, and miscellaneous prints are there in force.

THE genius and achievement of A. W. N. Pugin are brilliantly maintained in Messrs. Sotheran's new catalogue, or rather, Part III. of their "catalogue of an old country library." The architectural publications of Pugin there recorded are accompanied by singularly genial comments, and it is pointed out with justice that "Pugin's amazing personality and genius have never been realized as a whole. . . . The fullness of life crowded into forty years and seven months can never have been exceeded in one man." The indications are very strong that the anonymous commentator could provide the monograph required. The writings of Pugin arouse in him as great enthusiasm as the designs.

As a whole, this catalogue is most valuable. The notes convey real information with much spirit; bibliography and humor are proved companionable. We quote one or two: "Taylor was a good architectural traveller, and discovered the Theban Lion at Chæronea; but this did not save him from designing the lugubrious banality of Westbourne Terrace"; "These frescoes are especially curious as having been executed in England in an age in which (according to Walpole) no specimens of the art existed"; or, on a work on cookery by a Major:—

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It might have been wiser if the Hampstead Everyman Theatre had let its International Season consist entirely of such acknowledged masterpieces as Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," which has now passed into its evening programme. London audiences have few opportunities to see the work of the giants of the modern European theatre; Ibsen, Tchekov, Strindberg, Hauptmann, are all too rarely played; and only a taste formed by acquaintance with (not theory about) these models can appreciate the merits of the lesser dramas of their school. Anyhow, "John Gabriel Borkman" was a wise selection for educational purposes from among the Ibsen plays, because it has a simplicity and a majesty that appeal directly to the mass of any audience. Its symbolism is not too recondite, its psychology not too intricate, it advances no alarming ethical or social propositions. It is, in fact, in the worthiest sense of the term, a popular play.

It illustrates, further, a certain feature in Ibsen's work which has been at times an obstacle to his due appreciation by people really qualified in intelligence and sensibility to value it as it should be valued. The minute differences in social usage and atmosphere between Norwegian and English middle-class life are inevitably magnified in a translation, and often assume a disproportionately disturbing incongruity. A careless spectator will jump at once to the conclusion that these people are queer and dingy; he will say that the trappings are too Philistine for tragedy. The criticism is not one to be treated with great respect, but it is doubtful if the obvious answer to it is really satisfying. For instance, in the Preface to "Heartbreak House," Mr. Shaw remarks (as he has often done before) that "Ibsen's intensely Norwegian plays exactly fitted every middle and professional-class suburb in Europe." They are, it would appear to be laid down in this dictum, genuinely naturalistic dramas. The notion that there is something disproportionate, something askew about the picture of life which they present is a form of optical illusion. Get your focus right, let the superficial feeling of foreignness wear off, and you will see that this is as true a picture of Camberwell as of Christiania.

Well, we have tried and we cannot believe it. Ibsen, like Balzac, bursts the bounds of his self-imposed naturalism. The poetry, the grandeur of his spirit will not tamely walk the round of petty ideas in which he condemns it to move. The claims of youth to have its fling, the pleasures of existence as exemplified in pretty women, dances, and champagne, the "right to live one's own life," to differ from the local pastor on a point of dogma, to build up a career, to preserve a reputation—what are all these counters of the average sensual man to him? Poet, philosopher, ascetic, mystic, he requires the widest and deepest ideals that have ever stirred the bosom of humanity to satisfy his soul-hunger. He is as ardent and ruthless an adventurer of infernal and celestial abysses as Dante, but to the fiery visions he reports the symbolism of his Norwegian parishes is simply not adequate. The earthen vessels are strained and cracked by his treasure.

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Mr. Theodore Komisarjevsky's production of the tragedy tempts us to believe that he a little shares our opinion. He has most admirably refined his settings away to a dream. The hideous connotations of such scenic directions as "Mrs. Borkman's drawing-room," "Outside the Borkmans' house," are all obliterated. We are left with mere shadowy suggestions of the halls in which the ghoulish female wraiths torment the gaunt, stricken wolf. The suburban crest of the last scene becomes a high mountain from which the kingdoms of the earth can be viewed, and Gunhild and Ella clasp hands over the stately corpse of John Gabriel with something of the majesty of Norns. In short, the drab actuality of the setting is deftly conjured away. Conformably with this Miss Jean Cadell and Miss Maud Jolliffe, as Borkman's wife and the rejected sister Ella, act with a proper touch of *Æschylean* dignity. Mr. Joseph A. Dodd as Foldal has, of course, no option but to be realistic, but the wistfulness and delicacy with which he plays the broken-down old clerk and poetaster sustain the tone of the production. Mr. Franklin Dyall is a Borkman of magnificent strength. As usual, he is most eloquent in his minor details—the pouched eyes, the weary droop of the great head, the sudden fanatical glare as the *folie des grandeurs* is blown into transient flame. But he excels, too, in rendering the humanity of the grand old egoist, the virile energy that enslaved women and bound friends fast to his wheels. Borkman's concern with his own destiny is so exciting and absorbing that self-immolation seems a cheap price to pay for the privilege of sharing in the drama. Men would really be ruined for such a leader as cheerfully as soldiers died for Napoleon. Mr. Dyall brings out this truth with magnetic charm.

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the sun, these two intervals are not equal. There are, as a matter of fact, about 366 sidereal days in 365 solar days. The solar day, also, is not a constant quantity, for the reasons that the earth's motion in its elliptic orbit is not uniform, being faster when nearer the sun, and because the ecliptic is inclined at an angle to the Equator. The time of mean noon, as registered by an ordinary clock, may differ from the time of apparent noon by more than sixteen minutes; indeed, it is only four times in the year that the time shown by a clock and a sundial would coincide. In speaking of the month, also, one must distinguish between the moon's sidereal revolution and the apparent interval between two successive full moons, the latter period being longer by rather more than two days, five hours. The year, again, may refer to one of three periods: the length of the year measured by reference to the fixed stars; the time taken between two successive passages of the earth through that point of its orbit which is nearest the sun; the interval between two successive passages through the equinox. For calendrical purposes the day is the mean solar day, the month is the interval between two full moons, and the year is the equinoctial year. It is on this latter year that the seasons depend.

Now between these three periods, the day, the month, and the year, there is no simple whole-number relation. There are about $29\frac{1}{2}$ days in the month, and about $365\frac{1}{4}$ days in the year. Neither the year nor the month is an exact multiple of the day, and the year is not an exact multiple of the month. Our choice of a calendar, therefore, will be determined, to some extent, by the relative importance we attach to the month and the year. It would naturally occur to us, as to most people living in a country which experiences marked seasonal changes, to preserve the year as a fundamental period, and to import the necessary degree of arbitrariness into the length of the month. Such a calendar is called a solar calendar. But it may be that the month also is important. If the moon's phases have become associated with religious festivals, for instance, then it is obviously desirable to make the month as little arbitrary as may be. At the same time the year may be considered, on practical grounds, to be a unit of fundamental importance. In this case a compromise must be effected; the month must be adhered to pretty closely, and the consequent dislocation of the year must be made up by occasionally putting in extra months. A good example of such a calendar, a luni-solar calendar, is the Jewish. The months are of 29 and 30 days alternately, and the equalizing intercalary month is usually introduced every third year. As an additional refinement there are years of different lengths. The Mahometan calendar is an example of a calendar where the year is ignored and only the month is preserved. Mahomet announced that God required that there should only be twelve months in the year, and the month, of course, was to be reckoned by the moon. This ordinance caused the seasons to occur at any part of the year, and would obviously lead to extreme confusion in any country which experienced marked seasonal variations.

Our own calendar is a modification of the Julian calendar, a modification that Mr. Philip considers to have been, in some respects, injudicious. The Julian calendar was founded on the assumption that the length of the year was exactly $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. Accordingly, a normal year of 365 days with, every fourth year, an additional day, would preserve an exact reckoning. No attempt was made to preserve a coincidence between the month and the lunation; the calendar was a purely solar calendar. Mr. Philip greatly admires the precision of dating obtainable by this calendar. Three days in each month were taken as fixed points: the Kalends, in every case the first day of the month; the Nones, which, in the case of the four months March, May, July, October, fell on the seventh day, and in the case of the other eight on the fifth day; the Ides, which, in the case of the four months mentioned, fell on the fifteenth, and during the other months on the thirteenth day. In specifying dates, days subsequent to the Ides were enumerated backwards from the Kalends of the next month; dates between the Nones and the Ides were reckoned backwards from the

Ides, and dates between the Nones and the Kalends were reckoned backwards from the Nones. There is nothing complicated about this system; all that was required was a knowledge of the number of days in each month. But this calendar rested upon a false estimate of the length of the year, and the Gregorian reform, our present calendar, was designed to remedy this deficiency. The Gregorian calendar was instituted in 1582, but it was not until 1752 that it was adopted in England. At that date the Julian calendar was wrong by eleven days, and the edict depriving that year of eleven days caused riots, particularly at Bristol, where the populace clamored for their eleven days to be given back to them. The Gregorian calendar follows the true length of the year much more closely than did the Julian calendar, but it is not quite accurate. In ten thousand years from its inauguration it will be in error by 2 days, 14 hours, 24 minutes.

S.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Independent Gallery: The Marees Society's Exhibition.

THE idea that Japan may claim to be the pioneer of color-printing in the Far East is now as exploded as the fiction that Harunobu, Utamaro, and Hokusai were epoch-making artists. We owe rather to the fashion that these men enjoyed the subsequent discovery that the art of Japan is, as it were, the wax upon which the infinitely greater traditions of China have set their stamp. What was merely a charming craft in Japan was a fine art in China, and it is quite in accordance with general experience that the comparatively superficial work of Japan was appreciated by Western civilization before the more profound art of China came to be recognized.

The Shih-Chu-Chai Shu-Hua-Tsaih are probably one of the finest collections of the earliest Chinese woodcuts known to us, and they represent in the realm of color-printing the highwater mark of Eastern perfection. It is therefore significant that the publishers of the Marees Society's prints, which are exhibited at the Independent Gallery, 7a, Grafton Street, have included a number of the Chinese woodcuts referred to in their remarkable series of facsimile reproductions, which in turn may claim to represent the highest level of European perfection in the domain of color-reproduction.

The publishers are to be congratulated not only on their choice of subjects, but on their success in multiplying with apparently perfect verisimilitude every detail and the very essence of the originals. The technical perfection is such as to defy all criticism. No aesthetically responsive person is likely to challenge even so bold a statement, because in matters of art no amount of arguments against the probability of such technical perfection weighs one dram in the balance against the fact that the exhibits at the Independent Gallery set up in the observer that strange reaction called aesthetic emotion. Hitherto only original works of art have possessed this peculiar property.

It now remains for us to examine the subjects upon which the publishers have found it worth while to expend so much care and devotion. The reproductions include, apart from the woodcuts already mentioned, examples from the work of Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, Daumier, Delacroix, and Constantin Guys among the modern school; and the older masters are represented by El Greco, Poussin, Rembrandt, Dürer, Rubens, Boucher, Watteau, Fragonard, Moreau le jeune, Greuze, Tiepolo, Guardi, Canaletto, Longhi, and others.

There is something a little strange in seeing old and modern masters ranged thus side by side, and juxtaposed rather by force of the inexorable demands of wall space than by a more natural method of arrangement, and yet there are special virtues in necessity. The spectator has an opportunity for once of examining representative masterpieces of various epochs side by side with modern art, and the result, we fear, is likely to prove disconcerting to many people who do not care to adjust their opinions. The generally accepted glory of Dürer, although he is particularly well represented, pales somewhat before a Poussin drawing which hangs just above one of the best Dürer landscapes in the exhibition.

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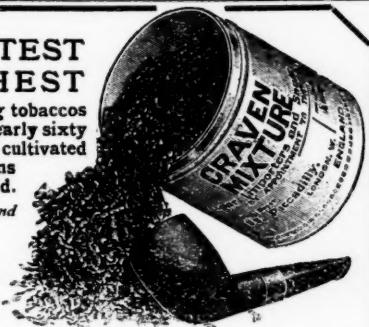
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There are drawings by Van Gogh which bear comparison with some of those by Rembrandt, and the work of the modern Dutchman appears to possess the same quality of permanence as that of his distinguished compatriot. Constantin Guys naturally falls into the background by the side of Renoir, and yet one or two of his drawings are definitely reminiscent of Velasquez. The eighteenth century of France, with all its brilliance, wears a trifling air when compared with the tradition of the Chinese seventeenth century. In fact, nothing else makes quite so profound an impression as these simple Chinese patterns, and Cézanne has a closer artistic affinity to Chinese art than anyone else represented here. This curious relationship between Chinese and French tradition explains perhaps the greatness and universality of Cézanne's genius as well as suggesting the cause of the violent controversies that are associated with his name.

The contemplation of Western as opposed to Eastern art suggests that passion in its noblest sense supplies much of the stimulus to Western artists as well as the bond that binds European lovers of painting to European painters. In the East art is of a more ethereal nature, and it is perhaps the very absence of our Western passions that gives so mysterious a profundity to Chinese art. The revelation a Chinese picture gives us is the revelation of a complete philosophy and of a mind old as the race, and vast as the Asiatic continent. The comprehension of the work of a European artist gives us a vision of one intensely human individual who reflects in some degree the tradition of perhaps half-a-century or a few vague characteristics of his nation.

E. H.

Forthcoming Meetings.

Mon. 19. King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Austria-Hungary, 1526-1827," Lecture IX., Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.

Aristotelian Society, 8.—"Physical Space and Hyperspaces," Mr. F. Tavani.

Tues. 20. Royal Statistical Society, 5.15.

King's College, 5.30.—"Psychology and Psychotherapy," Lecture X., Dr. W. Brown.

Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Week in West Africa," Mr. N. W. Thomas.

Sociological Society, 8.15.—"The Life of Civilizations," Mr. Christopher Dawson.

Royal Geographical Society (Queen's Hall), 8.30.—"The Mount Everest Expedition," Lieut-Col. C. K. Howard-Bury and others.

Wed. 21. Geological Society, 5.30.—"Notes on the Phosphate Deposit of Ocean Island," Mr. Lancelot Owen; "The Nature and Origin of the Pliocene Deposits of Cornwall," Mr. H. B. Milner.

Royal Microscopical Society, 8.—"The Microscope in Non-Ferrous Metallurgical Research," Dr. J. G. Parker; "The Practical Value of the Microscope in connection with Leather Manufacture," Drs. J. G. Parker and S. H. Browning.

Christmas Gift-Books.

"Bookman" Christmas Number, 1921. II. Hodder & Stoughton, 6/- n.

Bray (Lady). Old Time and the Boy; or, Prehistoric Wonderland II. Allen & Unwin, 5/- n.

Carpenter (S. G.) and Welsford (E. H.). The Christmas Mystery: a Series of Bethlehem Tableaux. Cambridge, Heffer, 1/- n.

Children of Other Times. Book III. II. Collins, 2/- n.

Christmas. Pictures by Children, with Introd. by Edmund Dulac. Vienna, Richter & Zolner (Dent), 7/6 n.

Dickens (C.). The Magic Fishbone. Romance from the pen of Alice Rainbird. II. Warne, 4/- n.

Hill (Elizabeth Sewell). Bethlehem. Cincinnati, Ohio, Methodist Book Concern.

Hope (Noel). Crotchetts and Quavers; or, The Making of the Brixwell Young People's Band. Salvationist Publishing Co., 3/6 n.

Letts (W. M.). What Happened Then? II. Wells Gardner, 7/6 n.

MacRobert (J. S.), Clay (Beatrice), and Spurling (Claribel). The Children of the Year, and other Plays; and The Magic Mirror. Wells Gardner, 9d. and 1/- n.

Methley (A. A.). Happy Homes in Foreign Lands. II.—How the World Travels. II. Wells Gardner, 2/- each.

Mitchell (Edmund). Chickabiddy Stories. II. Wells Gardner, 5/- n.

Pirates. With a Foreword and Decorations by C. Lovat Fraser. Cape, 6/- n.

Plays for Guides and Brownies. Wells Gardner, 2/6 n.

Quennell (C. M. B. and Marjorie). Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age II. Batsford, 5/- n.

Watson (Eileen). The Exploits of Macbeth. Palmer, 3/6 n.

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